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IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The Education of
Newbold Morris

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VIENNA—OPEN CITY

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Charles Callan Tansill's

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Roosevelt Foreign Policy - 1933 - 1941

Before the whole truth about pre-war foreign policy could be told, the Department of State's files of confidential correspondence had to be opened to a historian who is not an apologist for the Administration.

Charles Callan Tansill is that historian. He was permitted to make a thorough study of the State Department secret files for 1933-1941 as a result of the effective protest of the late Charles A. Beard against the practice of permitting only administration supporters to have access to official archives. Tansill's narrative, in preparation for more than five years, is largely based on this invaluable data. His book contains more unpublished materials than any other book that has yet appeared.

Tansill, Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University, comments: "I have not been under any compulsion to write a 'whitewash' of the Roosevelt regime and have told the story as it developed from the examination of countless pages of diplomatic correspondence. This is my book, designed to acquaint the American public with the truth about the Roosevelt foreign policy from 1933 to 1941."

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American
MERCURY

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A MAGAZINE OF IDEAS

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION		3
THE EDUCATION OF NEWBOLD MORRIS	<i>Julian M. Snyder</i>	11
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE: <i>Murder Inc. in the Middle East</i>	<i>Serge Fliegers</i>	23
THE MONAZITE MYSTERY	<i>Montgomery M. Green</i>	33
LETTER FROM AUSTRIA: <i>Vienna — Open City</i>	<i>François Bondy</i>	40
AMERICANA: <i>The World of the Unworldly</i>	<i>Flora Rheta Schreiber</i>	47
ANOTHER LOOK AT WORLD FEDERATION	<i>Hobart L. Pendleton</i>	56
IN OUR READERS' OPINION		65
CÉZANNE, <i>Gateway to Contemporary Painting</i>	<i>Clement Greenberg</i>	69
FILM: <i>Father and Son — and the FBI</i>	<i>Robert Warshow</i>	74
OPINIONS FROM THE CHRONOSCOPE		81
BOOKS: <i>In and Out of the Underground: The Confessions of Whittaker Chambers</i>	<i>William Phillips</i>	92
<i>Black and Blue</i>	<i>William Barrett</i>	100
<i>In Short</i>		105
DOWN TO EARTH: <i>Home-Acre Naturalist</i>	<i>Alan Devoe</i>	113
DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON: <i>City Without Women</i>		118
INDEX TO VOLUME LXXIV		127

Founded by Henry L. Mencken

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

In our July issue:

BORIS SHUB

Why America Is Losing World War III

It is Mr. Shub's conviction that we are today engaged in a third world war. In this article he shows how in most of the vital sectors of the world we are losing the political phase of that war so thoroughly as to be possibly decisive. He analyzes in what way our methods of fighting are wrong, and he suggests definite steps we can take now to turn the tide toward victory.

Boris Shub was formerly political director of radio RIAS in West Berlin. He is author of *The Choice* and of the recently published photo-history, *Since Stalin*.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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In the



MERCURY'S OPINION

The Archives Must Be Opened

During the political year of 1952 we hope that many Americans of good will — steady, forthright fellows — will have the chance to look a Presidential candidate in the eye and ask him this question: Will you, sir, as your first official act, open the archives of the government up to, say, January 1, 1950?

That's the commitment we need. Where is the candidate who will commit himself to aid, instead of obstruct, the efforts of this free people to obtain the truth? Where is the President who will reaffirm the sovereign right of the American people not to be deceived by the responsible heads of their government?

For the last twelve years, at least, our government has been headed

by men who were deliberate, calculating deceivers. Roosevelt, whatever his merits, and they were several, believed in the propriety of the government lie. He believed that in what he thought was "the public interest" he had the right, not only to obscure and suppress the truth, but also to go before the American people and tell them a deliberate, contrived untruth. That this is a fair statement is conceded by Roosevelt's closest friends.

Truman has continued this policy of suppression and deception. In May, 1952, he refused, "in the public interest," to release the unpublished remainder of the diaries of James Forrestal. His Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, is a past grand master at switching truth and fiction around in such a way as to end up with out-and-out falsehood.

So if there is to be new hope among Americans in 1953, we must elect a President who, first of all, will open up the records. Some of the records, no doubt, have been altered or stolen, but the new President can begin by letting us examine what remains. Then, while the historians set down the facts, the new President can proceed, by truthfulness, to the restoration of public confidence in the government of the United States.

The Truman-Acheson Lie About Katyn

The latest revelation of our government's deliberate suppression of the truth concerns the Katyn Massacre. Twelve years after this tragedy a House Committee to Investigate the Katyn Massacre has finally been appointed; the committee has ascertained the facts despite continued government efforts to hide them; and these facts will be released in June, 1952.

Briefly, the facts are these. When Germany and Russia partitioned Poland in 1939, a considerable part of the Polish army was taken prisoner by the Russians. Being a practical fellow with long-range plans for Poland, Stalin ordered the death of that portion of the Polish prisoners which might one day prove troublesome — the top officers. So a total of about 15,000 Polish officers and technicians disappeared.

In 1943, when the Germans in

their invasion of Russia had overrun the areas in which these Polish soldiers had been held, seven mass graves were discovered in the Katyn Wood. In them were the fully clothed corpses of 4,143 of the missing Polish prisoners. The Germans then pulled a smart trick. They took high-ranking American officers whom they held as prisoners to the scene, and the Americans saw at once that the Germans, while guilty of other murders, could not have been guilty of these particular murders because the murdered officers had not been German prisoners nor had the Germans held the area at the time the murders took place.

In 1945, on the release from German prisons of the American officers who had been taken to Katyn in 1943, one of them was flown to Washington where, in the Pentagon, he signed a detailed statement of his observations.

This statement was suppressed, and the officer sworn to secrecy. Why? Because at Nuremberg we and the Russians were preparing to try the Germans for high crimes, and one of the crimes with which we were charging the Germans was the Katyn Massacre. As a result of protests by free Poles, this charge was subsequently dropped.

Americans owe their knowledge of the facts of the Katyn Massacre in no small part to the efforts of Julius Epstein, who was instrumental in the formation in 1949 of the

American Committee for the Investigation of the Katyn Massacre. This committee's activities in turn led to the setting up of a congressional investigating committee.

That the Russians murdered the Polish officers and then lied about it will not surprise anyone in 1952. Every American knows now that murder and deceit are favorite Soviet weapons. What may surprise a few Americans in 1952 is this: in 1945, before the trials at Nuremberg, the government of the United States knew the truth. Yet our government hid the truth, deliberately lied to the American people, and allowed our prosecutor at Nuremberg, Mr. Justice Jackson, to collaborate with the Russians in spreading the Big Lie before the world that the Russians were innocent and the Germans were guilty of the Katyn Massacre.

There is even more sinister evidence: that American troops were used in Germany in 1945 to beat up and harass witnesses who tried to testify to the truth.

And how could the truth have been helpful in 1945? Russia had not yet fastened her clutches on Poland, or Czechoslovakia, or China. Russian propagandists, as a tactic in 1945 in Europe, Asia, and America, were portraying the Soviet Union as a kindly, peace-loving democracy. Patriotic, knowledgeable Americans, who knew the nature of the Soviet conspiracy, were trying

in 1945 to warn the free people of the world. This warning could have been effective in 1945 had the government of the United States disclosed the truth about Katyn, instead of participating in a lie.

It is a sad commentary on the development of the American republic that in the year 1952 we must make this simple request of our government: Will you please quit lying to us? Will you please quit deciding that lies and deception and suppression are "in the public interest"? Will you please understand that no lie in history has ever been in the public interest — and that what the free American people now demand is truthfulness on the part of its national leadership?

Let us see the archives now — and tell us nothing but the truth from now on.

Why Acheson Lied About Katyn

Acheson's participation in the Katyn lie has a possible explanation.

In 1946 the Communist government of Poland was a paying client of Acheson's law firm; the firm was seeking a \$90,000,000 loan from the United States for the Communist government which would help that government to enslave the Polish people; and Acheson, as Acting Secretary of State, was trying to approve the loan which his law firm was seeking, and he was thereby trying to help Russia enslave the peo-

ples of Central and Eastern Europe.

As opposed to Acheson, the friend of the Polish people in 1946 was our ambassador to Poland, Arthur Bliss Lane. Mr. Lane did everything in his power to prevent the granting of the loan, and when Acheson approved the loan over Mr. Lane's protest, the ambassador sent this telegram to the State Department:

I do wish, however, now to place on record my final protest as American Ambassador to Poland that we have agreed to extend credits to a government which has not only assumed in its controlled press an attitude hostile to the United States but has likewise refused to accord to us the rights to which we are entitled by treaty. To the best of my recollection the Polish provisional government has up to date not acceded to any important request which the United States government has made of it.

So here we have this strange situation: Donald Hiss, as a member of Acheson's law firm, seeks a loan for the Communist government of Poland; the loan is opposed by our ambassador on the sound grounds that the Polish government is hostile to the United States; Acheson, as Acting Secretary of State, overrules the ambassador and approves the loan; and Acheson's law firm collects a fee of \$51,653.98 for obtaining the loan.

But here is the most valuable service rendered by Acheson to the

cause of Communism. As soon as the loan had been approved (under the direction of Dean Acheson, then Acting Secretary of State), the Communist-controlled newspaper in Poland, *Rzeczpospolita*, had this to say on April 27, 1946:

The Polish people received with deep satisfaction the news concerning the granting of a loan to us by the United States of America. We have no intention of belittling the significance of the material help received, but in our opinion the moral and, for this reason, the political side of the loan has an even greater meaning.

Do you see the hand working? Do you understand now how America's influence has been used by Acheson and his clique to *promote the cause of Communism*?

In 1946 in Poland Mr. Lane was trying to array America's money and influence against slavery and on the side of freedom. Mr. Acheson was successful, however, in arraying America's influence on the side of Communism and slavery.

The Communist press told the Polish people that the American loan signified that the sympathies of the people of the United States were with the policies of the Communist government—a government which even then was engaged in throwing American citizens into prison and in deporting to Siberia the Poles who were still trying to oppose Communism.

Committed to a policy of condoning the extension of Communism in Europe in 1945-46, the Acheson clique was not so foolish as to wish Poles and Americans and Czechs to know that Soviet bullets had cut down the leadership of the Polish army at Katyn.

How Russia Was Sold to Our Troops

Any American who wants to understand the effort made to promote Communism by the Acheson group, should write the Department of Defense and ask for a copy of Orientation Fact Sheet No. 64, dated March 24, 1945. This sheet was prepared by persons in the State and War Departments to serve as "background material" for lecturers who were trying to explain to our troops the difference between our fascist enemies and our Communist friends.

It is unlikely, however, that an American taxpayer today can obtain a copy of Fact Sheet 64. It, too, has been suppressed; and THE MERCURY has one only through the courtesy of Ernie Adamson, former counsel for the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Here are excerpts from the Fact Sheet:

What is the difference between Communism and fascism? Aren't they essentially the same?

In any discussion on fascism there will be some who will argue that

there are strong similarities between fascism and Communism. Under both systems there is neither freedom of speech nor of press as we know it. Both forms of government permit only one political party. Both have a secret police. But beyond this, there are important and fundamental differences in philosophy, aims, purposes, and methods.

In their systematic destruction of all opposing groups, Hitler and Mussolini had the Communists first on their list. Among the early opponents of fascism, the Communists were in the forefront.

... While the early leaders of Communism in the Soviet Union advocated world revolution, Stalin modified that policy in 1927. He exiled Trotsky and others who opposed his position that the greatest Soviet contribution to world socialism would be a demonstration to the world that socialism would work in one country. On the record, the avowed Soviet policy has been peace through international collective security. . . . Through pledges at Moscow, Teheran, and Yalta, and through daily repetitions to its people, the Soviet has reaffirmed its aim as lasting peace through international co-operation.

This attitude toward peace has been recognized by leading Americans. Mr. Wendell Willkie has said: "No, we do not need to fear Russia. . . . We need to learn to work with her in the world after the war."

That was Fact Sheet 64. It was not for popular distribution; it was sent only to officers for guidance in

their indoctrination of the troops. When a copy of it reached the House Un-American Activities Committee in May, 1945, an investigation was begun into its genesis and distribution.

The office of General Brehon B. Somervell informed the Committee that all Fact Sheet services had been discontinued, and the Committee was ready to drop its investigation when a civilian group calling itself "The National Federation for Constitutional Liberties," with offices in New York and Washington, promptly revived the Fact Sheet for the armed services.

This "Federation" was sustained by income from a trust fund, and its managing officer was one George Marshall — no relation, apparently, to the general of the same name. He was subpoenaed, cited for contempt, tried, and convicted.

At his trial Mr. Marshall claimed that his organization was striving to protect civil rights, and that it also advocated abolition of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He was defended by two lawyers: Abraham J. Isserman, who was one of the boisterous defenders of the Communist Party leaders in their trial before Judge Harold Medina, and Charles A. Horsky.

Mr. Horsky, we hardly need relate, was associated with a prominent Washington law firm — the firm of the Honorable Dean Gooderham Acheson.

One other point is pertinent about the Fact Sheet. The House Committee discovered that there was one military command which did not allow distribution of the Fact Sheet. This was the command of General Douglas MacArthur.

That MacArthur would not allow distribution of the Fact Sheet is interesting in the light of previous revelations in *THE MERCURY*. Acheson had begun his feud with MacArthur as early as 1943, and he worked for eight years, first, to restrict MacArthur's command, and finally to drive him from command. The Fact Sheet dated April 7, 1945, *MERCURY* readers will recall, had this to say about the Chinese Communists: "When we speak of the Chinese 'Communists' [note the quotation marks] we should remember that . . . they stand for something very different from what we ordinarily intend when we use the word Communist. . . . Their program is a moderate one . . . quite in accord with what we think of as a liberal democracy."

Mr. Acheson and George Washington

In its issue of April, 1952, *THE MERCURY* recalled how, on the evening of November 14, 1945, Acheson, as Under Secretary of State, welcomed the Red Dean of Canterbury in an address at Madison Square Garden. In that address he placed America's official approval

on Russian expansionism; he dealt another blow to the freedom-loving people of Central Europe who had hoped that America would not support Russia's aims; and he sat on the platform with Paul Robeson, Corliss Lamont, Joseph E. Davies, and Dr. William Howard Melish. That mass meeting was sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc.

One other activity of this National Council now needs to be recalled. In 1943 the Council initiated a campaign to promote the "joint celebration of Red Army Day and George Washington's Birthday." Banquets were held for these "joint celebrations in 1943, 1944, 1945 and 1946. At the 1945 banquet in New York 1700 persons attended, and the principal speakers were Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and a Russian general named Byelov.

On February 21, 1946, the National Council beat its drums and held a dinner party at the Waldorf at which more than two thousand guests were in attendance — all celebrating Red Army Day and George Washington's Birthday. The principal speaker was Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, representing General Eisenhower. In his eulogy of the Soviet Union, General Smith made this significant statement:

During the campaign in Europe General Eisenhower communicated direct with Marshal Stalin's headquarters for the co-ordination of the

military operations which resulted in the final defeat of the German war machine, and we had no important difficulty in reaching an understanding.

After this banquet the House Un-American Activities Committee subpoenaed the records of the National Council, contributions to which had been tax exempt. On March 6, 1946, one Richard Morford, executive director of the Council, appeared before the Committee and refused to produce the records of the Council or to disclose the names of the persons who wrote the propaganda which appeared in the Council's publication.

And on whose advice did Mr. Morford make these refusals? On the advice of his attorney, Mr. Acheson's associate, Mr. Horsky.

Mr. Morford was cited for contempt, the tax exemption was withdrawn from the Council, and the Council was placed on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations.

One of the Council's most extensive operations had been the distribution in this country of copies of the Soviet Constitution, showing what a liberal democracy the Soviet Union is.

Why Acheson Must Be Understood

Why is Acheson worthy of so much attention by the American electorate in 1952? Why does THE

MERCURY bother to "dig up" the evidences of his liking for Communism?

The answer is this: Acheson and what he represents are, first of all, what the election is *about* in 1952. Acheson and his life-work are the principal issue; in 1952 the first duty of the American people is either to approve or reject Acheson; therefore, the responsibility of every literate American is to inform himself on the meaning of Acheson.

Acheson and his friends, Alger Hiss among them, are educated worshippers of the socialist state. This country has been dominated — its whole intellectual and political machinery has been dominated for twenty years — by these educated worshippers of the socialist state.

Since the day he was first engaged to protect the legal interests of Stalin's government in this country, Acheson has worked toward a single ultimate goal: to extend socialist power throughout the world. He has gone far beyond that. He has, as an official of the government of the United States, actually furthered, by his policy, the expansion

of Soviet tyranny; he can almost be said to have handed one free people after another into slavery.

Acheson and his group are perhaps more dangerous to the cause of freedom today than the avowed Communists of Britain and France and Germany. Why? Because Acheson and his followers do their work as "good Americans," as "men of great intelligence," and as "sincere humanitarians."

There was a time, some twenty odd years ago, when Acheson and Hiss were a vanguard. They were setting out to show men how to find security-through-big-government — and it was fashionable for young Americans to follow them. But today they are a stale vanguard, and thoughtful young Americans are repudiating them.

The hopeful course for this country in 1952 is to understand the failures of Acheson and his educated worshippers of the socialist state — then elect a President who will throw them out, open up the archives, and announce to the world that freedom, after all, is fashionable.

The Education of *Newbold Morris*

Corruption-Hunting on Capitol Hill

IN ANCIENT GREECE, there was a man named Diogenes, a simple man, who wandered through the streets of the towns and villages with a lantern in his hand, looking for an honest man.

Last January, a latter-day Diogenes, flashlight in hand, descended on the nation's capital. His mission, he thought, was to throw light into dark corners; the administration thought it was to expose lights hidden under bushels, to reveal the veiled virtues of our honest men of government. The man's name was Newbold Morris.

By trade he was an attorney, educated at Yale and trained in the offices of a reputable New York law firm. By avocation he was a politician, brought up in the Tammany-busting school of Fiorello La Guardia. In temperament he was a

reformer, through and through. His New York career, both as lawyer and politician, was full of acts of charity and deeds of public service. He had, at times, been indiscreet perhaps, had fallen into a few left-wing traps, had possibly been a bit too outspoken, even for members of his own political faction. But whatever Morris did he did from the heart, and for this reason he was usually forgiven, even when he stepped on people's toes.

Morris was called to Washington at the height of the corruption scandals. The Bureau of Internal Revenue had been rocked to its foundations by the resignation, or firing, of official after official, tax collectors, tax commissioners, and even federal attorneys. At hearing after hearing on Capitol Hill, the awful truth came out, clearer and clearer, with every passing day. Mr. Average Citizen was confused by the long list of names being marked down in the Congressional Record

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—Caudle, Oliphant, Teitlebaum, Nunan, Grunewald, Finnegan — he couldn't remember just which one had been involved in what scandal. But that wasn't the important thing. What counted was that Mr. Average Citizen was beginning to realize he was being taken for a ride by the bureaucrats.

The administration was desperate. Men of ability and character, whom the people might have really trusted, had turned down the job of federal corruption hunter in Washington. Judge Thomas Murphy of New York, former Secretary of War Robert Patterson, and Judge Learned Hand (Morris' father-in-law, by the way) had been offered the job and said "No." For they knew they would be expected to do nothing more than take the pressure off President Truman's old friend, political engineer, and Attorney General, J. Howard McGrath.

But this fact apparently escaped Newbold Morris. And he was not in the least put out at being second choice for the job, or even fourth choice. For he had a vision, and like most men who have visions, he was untroubled by the realities of the situation. He had simply to locate the sources of corruption in Washington and he would end, once and for all, both the situation and the scandal about it.

No one can deny it was a noble idea; it had its roots in Morris' background and was nurtured stead-

ily throughout most of his fifty years. The son of a wealthy and prominent New York family, he never had to cope with the usual problems of just earning a living or "getting ahead," nor could he understand men who, in the long climb upward, drew hard on influence or used political deals to make their way. He had, of course, been something of a politician. He drifted into politics originally very much the way other men take up chess or golf. His father had been president of the old Ninth Assembly District Republican Club. One day in a restless mood young Morris stopped in at the club in search of papa, and decided to look around, just out of curiosity. By the time he got through he was interested enough to "join up." Though subsequently he rose to comparatively high political office (President of the New York City Council), and in 1948 ran for New York City's highest political post, that of Mayor, he remained somehow the well-heeled youth who had dropped in at the club. He never learned to comprehend graft and the spoils system in government. In fact, he opposed such practices sincerely and vigorously.

When in early 1952, therefore, the call came from Washington, possibilities opened before him that he had never dreamed of. Instead of merely a city regime, or an organization to clean up, Morris was

faced with the task of reforming the entire federal government, something which nobody had seriously attempted before.

But even as dreams are so often shattered by reality, so the dream of Newbold Morris was destined to smash against the Capitol Dome and the White House. During his sixty-two days in Washington, Morris was to run up against all the obstacles Congress and the administration could put in his way. He was to be hamstrung by the Justice Department, out-foxed by the Attorney General, blasted by Senator Joseph McCarthy, and, finally, destroyed by the meaningless friendship of the President.

YET, ON FEBRUARY 5, all these things were still in the future. The sun was shining bright. And Morris headed into his first day as clean-up man with great expectations. He arrived at the Justice Department in high spirits, and as he took the oath as Special Assistant to the Attorney General, he announced confidently he was ushering in an "era of decency."

For this ushering in he had been given a single office on the second floor of the Justice Department (where McGrath could keep an eye on him) and one secretary, whom he soon discovered couldn't even take shorthand.

The wags of Washington shook their heads sadly: poor Newbold was

being fed to the lions. The influence boys, and government workers making money on the side, breathed a healthy sigh of relief. It was going to be a whitewash after all.

Morris' fellow Republicans on Capitol Hill raised an indignant outcry. Senator Richard Nixon of California accused him of being a "White House phony." Senator Robert Taft of Ohio said Morris was merely a pawn of the Justice Department. The House Judiciary Committee went ahead with its planned investigation of both the department and McGrath. And other G.O.P. congressmen, deciding that Morris was an apostate, began digging into his past for ammunition to knock him off.

Morris, himself, remained undisturbed by the turmoil, dedicated to his task and firm in his faith that the administration would not let him down. After all, hadn't he received all possible assurances from both Attorney General McGrath and President Truman? At his first meeting with McGrath, hadn't he laid all his cards on the table, and hadn't McGrath patted him on the back and told him he would have a "free hand"? The Attorney General had even suggested that Morris investigate the Justice Department first (that, apparently, was why he was lodged there), and, in a public statement, McGrath had promised his Special Assistant "my complete, enthusiastic, and unlimited co-oper-

ation . . . because the strength of our system of government depends on the faith the people have in it." How could such noble words possibly come from anything but a noble heart? At that first meeting, Morris was impressed by the "good faith and sincerity" of J. Howard McGrath.

HAD MORRIS' mind not been clouded by his dream, he might have seen through McGrath's smiling affability. The Attorney General was a poor boy, a graduate of the school of hard knocks, who had risen to power in the Curley-Kelly-Pendergast tradition. As Governor of Rhode Island, he had learned how to build a political machine, and later, as Democratic National Chairman, he used this experience effectively to bring about the reelection of President Truman in 1948. He was a man who always knew which side his bread was buttered on, and wasn't afraid to butter it on that side. He knew that the President's loyalty to him (as to all his cabinet members) was almost fanatical. But, when the corruption scandals broke, in the fall of 1951, and T. Lamar Caudle, the Chief of the Justice Department Tax Division, was fired by the President, McGrath discovered that even the loyalty of Harry Truman has a limit. McGrath told a congressional committee he didn't see why Caudle (who accepted a five-

thousand-dollar commission on a plane deal) should be dismissed. And this remark, coupled with the increased congressional pressure resulting from it, failed to leave him on very good terms with his boss (to say nothing of the American people). In any event, when Morris finally came to Washington, McGrath saw in the open-faced lawyer from New York perhaps the last chance of saving his job and restoring himself to favor. Therefore, unaware that innocence is sometimes more dangerous than shrewdness, he welcomed Morris as a long lost brother and insisted it be "Newbold" and "Howard" from their first meeting.

President Truman also treated Morris with kindly affection, hoping, no doubt, to lull him into a comfortable state of somnambulance. But instead of lulling Morris, this only made him more enthusiastic. He announced to a skeptical Washington that his investigation would be "non-partisan and non-political" and would go "to the very top."

"I know just where to go to get what I want," he said, "and I'm going to get it." But, at the same time, he announced that he would not need subpoena powers for his inquiry. He said Mr. Truman had assured him he could have any information he wanted. All he had to do was ask for it. This announcement apparently convinced the

administration it was taking the right tack with Morris. Specifically, Morris' assignment was only to estimate the depth and scope of misconduct in the government and to make recommendations for improving the systems of appointing government personnel and supervising their conduct. And as long as Morris did not have subpoena powers, and could not set up grand jury hearings, or prosecute anybody, the administration didn't think it had a thing to worry about.

MORRIS SAT IN HIS OFFICE in the Justice Department for three days, assigned by McGrath to reading reports from the Hoover Commission and letters from cranks and crackpots. It was not exactly what he had expected to be doing when he envisioned himself as the scourge of corruption, but then, he hadn't quite got his bearings yet. Washington was a large and complicated place — how complicated he had not even begun to realize.

By the time the fourth day rolled around, Morris began to get a vague feeling of uneasiness. Maybe it was the reports — which had nothing to do with cleaning up corruption. Maybe it was the way the bright young men smiled as they brought them in — tied in neat packages. Whatever it was, Morris began to feel trapped behind the walls of the Justice Department, almost as if he were in prison.

There was only one thing to do. He called the White House and made an appointment with the President. If anyone in the capital wanted an investigation, Harry Truman did, he told himself. Hadn't the President given the clean-up his blessing? Feeling better already, he shined his shoes, combed his hair, and trotted over to Blair House.

The President was glad to see him, and wanted to know how his investigation was coming along.

Not very well, said Morris. In fact, he was getting nowhere.

The President asked him what the trouble was.

Morris said he could go blind reading crank letters, and reports from the Hoover Commission, but that wouldn't help him find any wrongdoers in the government. He added that if that was all the President had for him to do, he guessed he might just as well pack up and go home.

Gently, the Chief Executive suggested that Morris outline his program. After all, he could have anything he wanted for his investigation. Hadn't the President said so?

Morris began listing his requirements. First, he wanted to move out of the Justice Department into an office of his own, of about twenty thousand square feet, where he could set up a staff.

The President said he thought it could be arranged and asked him if he had anything else in mind.

Morris said yes he had, and then he dropped the bombshell. He said he had been thinking about the subpoena powers he had said he didn't need, and decided he wanted them, after all. Without such powers, he said, "a real investigation is impossible."

The President was shocked. He suddenly realized that, gullible as Morris was, he meant business, and could not be sidetracked. However, the President (practiced politician that he was) showed no sign of his surprise. He gave Morris a reassuring pat and told him everything would be taken care of.

MORRIS LEFT THE WHITE HOUSE with new faith in Mr. Truman, and new hope for the realization of his dream of an uncorrupt government.

However, the administration was already planning how to beat the new development. And three days later, at his weekly press conference, the President tipped his hand.

It was a standard trick — as old as the White House itself. Now thoroughly committed to going to Congress for powers for Morris, Mr. Truman decided to give Congress a pill that would be too big to swallow. He announced to reporters that he was sending two messages up to Capitol Hill: one to the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee, asking that Morris be given the power to subpoena witnesses (the power Mor-

ris had asked for); the other to the House Judiciary Subcommittee, requesting that he be given the power to grant immunity to witnesses.

The second request contained the joker. Neither Congress nor the federal courts possessed the power to permit witnesses to testify without making them liable for prosecution, and it was a certainty that the lawmakers, already alienated by Morris, would never give it to him.

A statement by Attorney General McGrath cinched the outcome. He declared that the immunity power was a great idea for cleaning up corruption, since it would "exempt some lesser offenders from prosecution in order to convict greater offenders." Following his remarks, the House Subcommittee unceremoniously voted down the immunity proposal.

Nevertheless, Morris went home to New York that week end well satisfied. With the President on his side, how could he lose? He remembered the President's public statement of just the day before; "I am directing all departments and agencies of government to co-operate fully with Mr. Morris . . . adequate funds will be provided for the activities of Mr. Morris and his staff, and they will be given separate offices outside the Justice Department." The President had added — almost as an afterthought: "The Attorney General wholeheartedly concurs in these recommendations,

and in the arrangements we are making to enable Mr. Morris to do an independent, and thorough and efficient job."

MORRIS RETURNED to the capital on Monday to move into new offices in the old *Washington Post* building at Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. There were no more bright boys with neatly tied reports, and no all-seeing eye of McGrath to watch over his activities. He had his own staff now, and exactly the twenty thousand feet of office space he wanted. It seemed that at long last his investigation was off the ground.

But there was still the small matter of subpoena powers to be settled. Judging from the rumblings on Capitol Hill, it appeared that Morris would have a hard time getting them. The *New York Times* hinted which way the wind was blowing when it commented: "It is plain that the Republicans regard Mr. Morris as a tool of the administration, even though he is a Republican, himself, and that they intend to make the most of the corruption issue in the election campaign." When Morris arrived before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Tuesday to explain why he wanted the subpoena powers, he faced a hostile group.

One lawmaker asked him: "What can you do if you don't get the powers?"

Morris replied: "I can go to the New York Public Library and write an essay for the President on how to clean up the government." Then, becoming serious, he said he needed subpoena powers to get the top people he wanted to testify. He really couldn't get his investigation going, he said, until he had heard from those top people.

It was the first close look at Morris for many of the senators, and not a few of them had to admit he appeared to be sincere. However, the majority of them refused to believe in appearances. And the Morris plea fell on deaf ears. The fabulous surplus tankers scandal, in which Morris was questionably involved, was burgeoning in another committee room, and the Subcommittee decided to postpone its decision on the subpoena powers until after he testified on the tankers.

The story of the tankers begins shortly after the end of World War II. A group of prominent Americans, including former Secretary of State Edward Stettinius and Admiral William (Bull) Halsey, bought eleven tankers from the government for a total outlay of \$101,000. The group, under the direction of former Democratic Congressman Joseph Casey of Massachusetts, planned to sell the tankers for use by foreign businessmen. However, since selling directly to foreign concerns was forbidden by law, the investors were forced to set up dummy corpora-

tions, which would be American in registry, but which would have a good many foreign stockholders. In this way the law was circumvented, the foreigners got the use of the tankers, and the Casey group walked off with a nifty profit of more than three million dollars in less than three years. It was, as Casey told congressional investigators later, an example of "honest, free, American enterprise at work."

One of the fifteen or so companies set up by the Casey group was the United Tanker Corporation. The stock in this corporation was owned by the International China Foundation, and, the investigators soon discovered, the president of this charity organization was none other than our old friend Newbold Morris. In addition, the investigators learned Morris' law firm of Lovejoy, Morris, Wasson, and Huppuch had handled negotiations in a deal involving three of the tankers, for which the law firm (and Morris) was paid a fee.

But the story doesn't end there. In 1949 and early 1950, the China Foundation leased two of its tankers to a Soviet trading agency, which used them to ship oil to Communist China.

WITH THE DISCOVERY of these facts, the senators decided to strike. Morris was called to testify before the Senate's Permanent Investigating Subcommittee.

Capitol Hill prepared for the massacre of an innocent, and the administration pulled out a previously prepared obituary for immediate use. It had known all about Morris' part in the tanker deals long before he had come to Washington, and had, in fact, hoped they would prevent Morris from making a thorough investigation. Now those hopes were coming true. And Morris' corruption investigation appeared to be headed for the ash can.

When Morris walked into the committee room of the Senate's Permanent Investigators, he had a little card in his pocket from his wife. It read: "Keep your shirt on." During the testimony that followed, the card did little good.

Senator McCarthy fired the first round. He wanted to know whether Morris was the "active" president of the China Foundation or only the "dummy."

Morris replied: "I've never been a dummy in my life."

McCarthy wanted to know how Morris could approve of shipment of oil to Red China through an organization he had been associated with.

Morris said the State Department had okayed the shipments, and that was good enough for him.

Said McCarthy: "I wouldn't go to the State Department."

"No, you wouldn't go to any department," Morris replied, "you'd just sound off."

The Wisconsin Senator accused Morris of making "illegal" profits on the tanker deals.

Morris said he hadn't made a nickel "profit," either as a lawyer or as president of the China Foundation. All he had received, he said, was a thirty-thousand dollar cut from the money his firm had received for handling one of the deals. And that, he staunchly maintained, was a lawyer's fee, not a profit.

McCarthy didn't see the difference. Said he: "You are either the greatest dope or dupe of all time . . . or responsible for making a vast amount of profit soaked in American blood."

This made Morris mad. "You've knocked off a lot of characters," he said, "but you're not going to knock off mine."

"I haven't knocked off any that didn't need knocking off," McCarthy replied.

"Oh, yes you have!" Morris shouted.

Democratic Senator John McClellan of Arkansas reminded Morris that after all, "you've brought a lot of this on yourself."

But Morris was not to be mollified. "No man," he said, "with red blood in his veins could sit here and take the innuendos and insinuations left by the diseased minds in this chamber."

That statement finished Morris so far as his request for subpoena powers was concerned. The sub-

committee voted down the request, and Senator Mundt gave the elogy. "Morris' flippant, rude, contemptuous remarks," he said, "his violent, childish outbursts . . . reveal his basic emotional instability and a lack of the mature judgment which is essential for anyone who is to be granted the unprecedented broad powers to conduct a government-wide investigation of government."

Morris' comment on the tanker testimony was briefer. "Up in New York," he said, "it's sort of like a pillow fight. Down here they really sock you." He added, almost plaintively: "What a wicked system — picking up a decent reputation and seeking to tear it to shreds."

Morris was beginning to taste the bitter dregs of disillusionment. But the dream died hard, and the reformer began laying plans for his final assault on the bastion of corruption.

ON THE MORNING of March 18 pedestrians in the vicinity of the old *Washington Post* building were startled to see a tall, dignified man emerge from the building, carrying a package under his arm, and followed by a squad of porters, also carrying packages. The man was Newbold Morris. The packages contained the now famous financial questionnaires for 596 key officials in the Justice Department. The questionnaires were aimed at discovering how much the net worth of

each official had increased during the past five years, and they left almost nothing to the imagination as far as source of income was concerned. They asked about bank accounts, real estate, securities, life insurance, automobiles, fur coats (including mink, of course!), jewelry, and furniture (including deep-freeze units). The questionnaires also wanted to know about gifts received totaling over two hundred and fifty dollars, and bequests amounting to over one thousand dollars. The income of everybody in each official's immediate family also was to be listed. Morris was sure they would be welcomed by the corruption-hunting enthusiast at the head of the Justice Department.

UNFORTUNATELY, Morris was mistaken. His arrival with his porters at the department was greeted like the arrival of a troop of carriers of the black plague. But, nothing daunted, Morris marched his porters through the halls to the office of the Attorney General, and triumphantly handed the first questionnaire to J. Howard McGrath himself.

For more than a week, nothing happened. The employees of the department went about their tasks as usual, and the questionnaires remained, where Morris had left them, locked up in McGrath's office.

Finally, Morris made a luncheon date with McGrath to find out what was going on. Over lunch, he

complained about the fact that his questionnaires hadn't been passed out yet, and said he was "going home" if he didn't get some action. McGrath told him he was getting all excited over nothing. As a matter of fact, he said, Morris could come over that afternoon with a "squad of lawyers" and begin going through his files.

McGrath thought he had Morris pacified, and he did. The only trouble was that Morris took his offer seriously, and at about 3:30 P.M. his assistant — Samuel Becker — arrived at the office of the Attorney General. Pulling no punches, Becker said he wanted McGrath's "correspondence, diaries, appointment books, records of phone calls" — in short, everything that would shed light on his private activities. McGrath was thunderstruck, experiencing perhaps the same feeling of grim awakening the President had felt a month before, and he told Becker flatly he wouldn't turn over anything.

Two days later, President Truman held a cabinet meeting, and McGrath began fighting for his life. He said that the Morris questionnaire was an invasion into the rights of individuals, and he added that he thought a lot of the members of his staff might quit if they were forced to submit to the financial interrogation. Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder went along with McGrath's arguments, and a

few other officials, including Defense Mobilizer Charles Wilson, indicated they weren't very keen on the questionnaires, either. The President reserved his decision, and the last sane day in the administration for some time to come ended. Morris undoubtedly was not wholly responsible for the whirlwind of events that followed, but his was a major role in the unfolding drama.

On Saturday night, President Truman — deciding he had had enough of corruption investigations and other worries — announced he would not seek re-election in 1952. On Sunday, Defense Mobilizer Wilson resigned in a disagreement with the President over a settlement of the steel dispute. On Monday, McGrath went before the House Judiciary Subcommittee and announced he was considering refusing to fill out the Morris questionnaire. Then he added vehemently that if he had it all to do over again, "I would never have appointed Newbold Morris to hunt down corruption in Washington." On Tuesday, the President called for a transcript of McGrath's testimony, and on Wednesday, he invited McGrath to the White House for a brief talk. McGrath emerged tense and angry, and refused to talk to reporters. He met the President again that afternoon at the airport (where they were greeting Queen Juliana of the Netherlands), and onlookers saw McGrath, Truman, and Press Sec-

retary Joseph Short engage in a violent argument. On Thursday morning Morris received a letter from the Attorney General. It was curt and to the point. It read: "Your appointment . . . is hereby terminated." At 3:40 p.m. that same day, McGrath got a phone call. The President said he wanted to announce the Attorney General's resignation. McGrath is reported to have said: "You have it, now, sir!" At four o'clock, the President made the resignation public at his weekly press conference.

THUS, in one final explosive day, the corruption hunt of Newbold Morris came to an end. The real, inside facts behind those last hectic days are confused. According to McGrath, he and the President were in complete agreement that Morris should be fired, and it was only a question of who should make the announcement. According to the President, it was all McGrath's doing. He said the first he heard about it was the report of Morris' firing coming over the news ticker after lunch. Furthermore, the President disclaimed all responsibility for the Morris affair from the very beginning, saying simply that Morris was not his man.

The first reaction of Morris, himself, to getting fired was anger. He went out to every haberdashery in town and bought neckties. He said afterward: "I guess I wanted to

strangle somebody." Later, he became calmer, and more confused. He said he couldn't understand why the President had permitted him to be dismissed, after all those beautiful talks they had had at the White House. Finally, getting no answer to this question, Morris became philosophic. He said it really didn't matter, nothing mattered, just so long as his wife still loved him. And shortly before he stepped on the train for New York, he began to develop a little perspective. "At least we have gotten rid of that man McGrath," he said, "and it took only two months. Just think what we could have done if we had been here for six."

The Morris story ends officially with the chugging of the train, pulling out of a Washington railroad station. Aside from taking credit for the firing of McGrath (and there is even some question about this), he

left the nation's capital much the way he found it — histrionic, complex, and corrupt. In McGrath's place, there is a new man, former federal judge James P. McGranery, with a new idea for cleaning up corruption (he says the F.B.I. should do it, and even Morris knew better than that). But even though the Morris story is ended, and the man himself gone back to his wills and contracts, the memory of it lingers. In some indefinable way, his sixty-two-day sojourn epitomized all that is Official Washington. And even though the Morris dream failed, and he was beaten and bullied by the capital, it lives on somehow, and perhaps even sometimes haunts the sleep of the bureaucrats themselves. Because, for all his innocence, it might be said of Morris what he said about F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover: "He knows where the dead bodies are."

FOREIGN
INTELLIGENCE

MURDER INC.

IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Serge Fliegers

ONE VERY HOT MORNING last July, a black Daimler pulled away from Ragadan Palace, overlooking Amman, capital of Jordan, and headed for the airport. In its old-fashioned *tonneau* sat Riad es Solh, ex-premier of Lebanon, and three bodyguards provided by King Abdullah, who had entertained es Solh at a week-end party. As the car swept around the ruins of the Roman amphitheater and past Amman's number one caravanserai, the Hotel Philadelphia, es Solh stared

moodily out of the window, absently fingering his amber praying beads.

Known as "The Laughing Statesman," es Solh was anything but his usual cheerful self that morning. He even remarked to the guards: "I see a dark cloud settling over the Arab world. I have a sense of doom."

Shortly after es Solh said this, another car roared up behind the limousine. One of its occupants opened a black violin case and — O shades of Al Capone — extracted a tommy-gun. As the two vehicles came abreast of each other, he sprayed the black Daimler with a torrent of lead. Riad es Solh was hit in the jaw and the heart, dying instantly. The driver of the attacking car got away. The second assassin was cut down by the guards. The third man, the one with the

Serge Fliegers, a frequent MERCURY contributor, gathered the material for this article on an extensive trip through the Middle East. He had access also both to Arab and U. S. official sources, including a report on Communism in the Middle East prepared under the supervision of Representative Frances P. Bolton.

violin case, was recognized as Mohammed Adib es Salah. In the Arab legion where he served during the Palestine war Mohammed was known for his dexterity with automatic weapons, his religious fervor and his childlike admiration for American gangsters. Before the guards had time to get to him he turned a gun on himself and died.

Four days later, Jordan's mild-faced King Abdullah was still upset about the murder of his week-end guest. Entering Jerusalem's Mosque of the Rock for his regular Friday prayers, he muttered to a courtier: "If es Solh had only done what I asked him and stayed with me, he wouldn't be dead now."

Those were Abdullah's last words.

From behind one of the mosque's pillars stepped a young man in Western dress. . . He leveled an automatic and cold-bloodedly pumped five bullets into the Monarch's crumpling body. Then he, too, shot himself. A teen-aged accomplice carrying an extra clip of ammunition "in case anything should go wrong" escaped in the confusion.

THE WEST WAS SHOCKED and surprised at these two murders — erupting within less than a week of each other. The Arab world was also shocked, but not surprised. During the past three years it has seen half-a-dozen heads of state and other dignitaries knocked off in pure Chicago style. The exact score, so far:

five prime ministers, one king (not counting the Imam of Yemen), and one U.N. mediator. As to the stabbing, strangling, and bombing of less newsworthy personalities, such as judges, government officials, and innocent men, women and children, people had just stopped counting.

What both the Western and Arab world ignore — or realize only in a dim sort of way — is that these killings are all part of a conspiracy of terror, a *Murder Inc. of the Middle East*.

Both in magnitude and methods, this new Murder Inc. makes its Brooklyn predecessors look like a bunch of suburban pickpockets.

The method of murder is always the same: A plan, carefully laid out with maps and timings; some automatic weapons of the latest design; one or more fanatic young men worked to a pitch of frenzy by slogans and hashish . . . and then the deed, and flight or suicide for the murderer.

The magnitude of the conspiracy is more difficult to determine. The various brain-trusts of destruction are marvelously well hidden among the tangles of Arab and East-West politics. Individual units work towards different objectives, and occupy widely differing positions on the political horizon. In the case of Riad es Solh for example, the killing was reportedly planned by the Syrian National Socialist Party in revenge for the execution in Lebanon of

Anton Zaadeh, one of its members. King Abdullah's murder was traced to the headquarters of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Hadj el Amin el Husseini, who feared that Abdullah was ready to reach a settlement with Israel.

But from one terrorist group to the other runs a thin red thread of intrigue. To follow this thread we might begin by investigating an organization called *Ikhwan el Musilmoon* — the Moslem Brotherhood. It is one of the most virulent groups ever to lurk in the shadow of history. Its development and its operations present a perfect case-history of a Middle Eastern Murder Inc.

THE MOSLEM BROTHERHOOD of Egypt was founded in 1938 by a mild-looking schoolteacher named Hassan el Banna. For ten years, el Banna taught elementary subjects to the kids of Ismailia, in the Suez Canal Zone. Like most of the poor Arabs in Ismailia, el Banna was almost continuously hungry. With envy he watched the well-stocked tables of the foreigners who worked for the Canal company, and of the Arabs who did business with them. El Banna became sincerely dissatisfied with the social injustices he experienced every day. He started preaching in a mosque — under Islamic law anyone can stand up on Friday and address the congregation — and soon he found himself at the head of a small group of malcontents,

men who resented foreigners and their luxuries, and wanted a return to Islamic austerity. To them, el Banna preached intoxicating visions of a Brotherhood that would rule the Moslem world, whose members would enforce the ancient laws of Islam, who would stone to death an adulteress, for example, and cut out the tongue of a man accused of perjury. "We will wield the Koran and the sword," el Banna used to screech, "and we will exterminate all unbelievers."

Wealthier Arabs derided this group of "insurgents," and el Banna took them to task: "Those who criticize us have fed from the tables of Europe. They want to live as Europe has taught them — to dance, to drink, to revel, to mix the sexes openly and in public."

But apparently the lure of good food, wine, and women was too strong for most Ismailians, and el Banna's movement dwindled until only a handful of religious zealots remained around him. Then two things happened. In May of 1948 the Palestine war broke out. Religious fanaticism flared up throughout Egypt and the other Arab states. Islam was used by politicians to fuse together an Arab bloc that could fight the Jews. The Koran and the sword became symbols for thousands of volunteers who streamed towards the battlefields of the Holy Land. The Koran and the sword — those were the very symbols which

el Banna had been invoking in his preachings to the Brethren. Suddenly the little man with the big grudge found himself besieged by applicants who wanted to join his Brotherhood. He had moved to Cairo, but still had no facilities to set up headquarters for an organization large enough to send soldiers to the "Holy War."

NOW THAT HE HAD FOLLOWERS, el Banna needed money and arms. This time there occurred the second development that helped him in his fantastic career. In a small coffee-house off Cairo's busy *Sharia Fuad el Awal* — King Fuad Street — he met, by appointment, a round-shouldered man who wore a fez and spoke perfect Arabic. For several hours, the two sat and chatted in low tones, just like any Egyptian gentlemen politely discussing politics over a small cup of coffee. Shortly after that interview, el Banna was able to buy a house for his Brotherhood, stock up on arms and bombs. And he still had enough money left over to install a clandestine radio station on an island off Alexandria and carry out a vast program of propaganda and recruitment.

No outsider knew where el Banna had procured his funds, except, perhaps, the round-shouldered gentleman in the fez. In addition to being a gentleman and the very soul of politeness, this fellow also happened to be First Secretary of the Soviet

Embassy in Cairo. Going by the fanciful name of Abdul Rahman Sultanov, he was in charge of approaching Arab nationalist groups with an offer to help them with his advice and his bank account.

Sultanov is a typical actor in the game Soviet Russia is playing in the Middle East. Although at home the Soviets are ruthlessly anti-religious and have destroyed whole groups of Russian Moslems, they change their tactics abroad. In the Arab world they do as the Arabs do, and even more so. During his missions, Sultanov loudly and faithfully performed his prayers — in a different mosque each Friday, by the way. Barefoot and cross-legged, he would sit for hours in a corner of el Azhar (the Moslem University and shrine in Cairo), listening to Islamic theology. In the evening, he would haunt coffeehouses and student hangouts, arguing volubly for Arab nationalism and for a *Jehad*, a holy war against the West. It is not difficult to see why Sultanov and his Soviet bosses spend time and money in the Middle East. Communism exploits conditions of poverty, intrigue, and discontent. It thrives on violence. Sultanov found the first three conditions well developed. His task, now, was to fan the flame of violence.

He did this with consummate skill and effectiveness. In Palestine he established friendly relations with top Arabs. Through Dr. Khalil Budayri, his agents got through to

Budayri's uncle, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem — the one who was linked to the killing of King Abdullah. In Syria and Lebanon, one of Sultanov's colleagues, Daniel Solod, established energetic espionage and finance centers, with regular couriers going back and forth between the MVD (Soviet Secret Police) headquarters in Bucharest and the USSR Legation in Beirut. It has been reported that these centers helped provide money and arms to the Syrian Nationalist Socialists — the group accused of plotting Riad es Solh's murder.

It did not matter to Sultanov and Solod that some of the groups they were thus subsidizing often followed a violently anti-Communist line as far as the public was concerned. They took this easily in the stride of their Marxian dialectics.

They were interested only in the fact that, each time a gunman picked off a doomed Arab statesman, the Soviet Union scored an individual victory. For every leader recently murdered in the Middle East happened to be a friend of the West, and therefore an enemy of the Soviets: Abdullah of Jordan, es Solh of Lebanon, Ali Razmara of Iran, Husni el Zaim of Syria, Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan, and finally Ahmed Maher and Nokrashy Pasha of Egypt.

Thus the "red thread of intrigue" winds its way through the Levant.

At the time of this writing, Abdul Rhaman Sultanov has disappeared from the Arab scene. Like a desert

mirage he has vanished, to reappear, perhaps, in some other place, in another guise, with a new and more ambitious task of destruction. One of his last jobs in the present incarnation was the interview with Hassan el Banna. And if Sultanov and his masters had themselves planned the rise of the Moslem Brotherhood, they could not have done a better job.

FOR THE MOSLEM BROTHERHOOD and its "Sheikh," Hassan el Banna became the most powerful force of destruction in the Middle East. Like a bloater, the Brotherhood had begun to puff and swell. Soon there were 15,000 local branches from North Africa to Pakistan and a total militant membership estimated variously at from 500,000 to over 1,000,000 men. Shortly after Sultanov disappeared, Egyptian political police carried out raids on Brotherhood cells in the Nile provinces. They arrested an average of 150 men a day, and confiscated a wealth of revolvers, rifles, sten-guns, and grenades. This was doubly unusual because heretofore the *fellaheen* never had money to buy arms, nor had these legendarily peaceful villagers ever before exhibited a desire to use arms. Naturally, many of the men who had joined the Brotherhood were neither assassins nor bomb-throwing anarchists. They had merely joined the organization because, in its fighting Islamism, they

saw a ray of hope for the dark and poverty-stricken world that surrounded them.

As his Brotherhood grew, so did the ambition of Hassan el Banna. When I first met him in Cairo, he was still a shy man with nervous hands and shifty black-button eyes. His black *collier* style beard was unkempt, and even the tassel on his red tarboush looked anemic and frazzled. His short, stocky frame was accentuated by an Egyptian zoot-suit: loud stripes, wide, almost bell-bottomed trousers and a jacket that came nearly to his knees. Like the usual brand of dictators and apprentice-fuehrers, el Banna was a bad conversationalist. He could speak effectively to a crowd, but began to falter and stutter in a question-and-answer interview. El Banna's shyness increased when he had anything to do with women. When he had to speak to the first contingent of the "Moslem Sisterhood," the feminine branch of his organization, he insisted on haranguing his skirted recruits through a curtain. This was not merely Islamic segregation of the sexes. Some Cairo observers claim that el Banna hated and feared women.

During a subsequent interview, el Banna looked more opulent with a lush tassel to his fez and a better cut suit. But his vaticinations were as frightening as before. He wanted "one state and one religion, from Casablanca to Karachi." He wanted

to abolish elections and parliaments. And, as in the medieval days of Haroun al Rashid, this "super-state" was to be ruled by a Caliph. Naturally, that anointed ruler was to be Sheikh Hassan el Banna.

THE IMPLICATIONS of this plan were frightening, for throughout the Near East there is still a definite trend towards retrogression. In Pakistan, women are going back to *purdah*, the veil, and along the south shore of the Mediterranean men are reacting against the modernism of the Western world — during the recent Cairo riots they went so far as to wreck inoculation centers, movies, and flush toilets.

But el Banna did not rely on his ideas alone. In 1948 he organized an efficient para-military organization to help carry out his plans. It included his "Fighters for Freedom" who were sent to Palestine, an execution squad and a suicide group.

The execution squad was reportedly directed by a former chief of staff of the Egyptian army, General Aziz el Masri who, during World War II, had tried to fly to Berlin in order to get a job with the Nazi troopers. He still affects Teutonic manners, and goes through the Cairo heat wearing a Hitler-styled mackintosh. El Masri was later arrested in connection with an attempt on the public prosecutor.

An equally colorful individual headed the suicide squad. His name

was Youssef Malik and he could have stepped out of any foreign intrigue movie. Young, handsome, hard-jawed, always carrying two guns in armpit holsters, Malik ran the group of eighty — eighty men who had taken blood-chilling oaths to the effect that they would lay down their life for el Banna and the Brotherhood. Whenever a deed of violence was to be done, they would assemble in a room, puff hashish, make impassioned declarations of faith and then, by secret ballot, they would choose the man or men who were to be “the sword of Islam.”

They met almost weekly as the Middle East was rocked again and again by news of brutal and often senseless attacks and killings. In Damascus, a synagogue was bombed. In Zig-a-Zag, Egypt, a Coptic Christian church was destroyed. In Alexandria, a girl was shot because she wore make-up and dated foreigners. In Cairo two Americans, Stephen Haas and his wife, were beaten to death as they left the historic Citadel (scene of the Mameluke massacre). El Banna's slogans began to appear on the walls of Arab capitals: “Only one faith from now on, Islam”; or “No more of the cross in Egypt!” and “Today the English, tomorrow the Christians!”

The Brethren stopped at nothing. Judge Ahmed el Khazindar Bey sent one of their men to prison. Two goons shot him as he stepped out of the Cairo courthouse.

The police chief of the Egyptian capital called them “the most dangerous of all terrorist organizations to be discovered in this century.” He vowed their destruction. Shortly thereafter he was lured to Fuad Ist University by means of a riot staged there by student members of the Brotherhood. A bomb was tossed directly at him from the roof of a lecture hall. It was difficult to find enough of his body to fill a coffin.

KING FAROUK and his government were outraged. They were fighting a war in Palestine, but they had not envisaged that violence would seep back to the very heart of their capital. Towards the end of 1948 the Moslem Brotherhood was officially outlawed by Prime Minister Mahmoud Fahmy el Nokrashy Pasha.

This was a personal affront to Sheikh el Banna. No man could read an interdiction over his holy Brotherhood — and live. Another meeting was held in the “suicide room.” There were more speeches, more hashish and then the lot was cast. It fell to a twenty-one-year-old student of veterinary science named Meguid Ahmed Hassan.

“Prepare yourself, Meguid, you have been chosen for our greatest task,” he was told. Quietly he went home. With tears in his eyes he said good-bye to his mother, to other members of his family. “I am going away,” he told them, “the Brother-

hood has called." Then he retired to his room. For three days he stayed there. He arranged all his papers.—even finished writing up the notes of his last anatomy class. He read the Koran, he prayed and he fasted.

On the morning of the third day, December 28, 1948, he was brought back to the meeting room. He was given the uniform of a police lieutenant and a regulation revolver. Carefully he repeated the detailed instructions.

Exactly at 9:50 that morning, he stood in the corridor leading to the Prime Minister's office. Nokrashy Pasha came in, smiling. According to the age-old custom, he personally received the requests, wishes, and complaints of the little crowd that waited for him daily in the ante-room. They handed him scrolls of petitions, bowed low and kissed his hand. Young Meguid was the last to get to the Premier.

"Your Excellency . . ." he began respectfully. Thinking that this was another petitioner, Nokrashy Pasha automatically extended his hand to be kissed. "I have the great honor . . ." Meguid cried, grabbing it with his left hand and wheeling him around. As the two men faced each other the young fanatic emptied his gun into the minister's belly.

Meguid did not have time to shoot himself. He was arrested and later declared in his cell: "I killed Nokrashy Pasha because he made

Egypt lose the Sudan, because he surrendered Palestine to the Jews, and because he ordered the dissolution of the Moslem Brotherhood."

If it had not been for the tragic circumstances, Meguid's first two reasons would have been ludicrous, for Nokrashy had worked indefatigably towards the acquisition of the Sudan and the destruction of the Jews in Palestine.

Blood had flowed, but el Banna was not satisfied.

With almost pathological brashness and cruelty, he sent word to Nokrashy's widow that her two children would be killed unless her husband's murderer was released immediately. Such was the terror exercised by the Brethren that well-meaning persons actually petitioned to have the young student set free.

WITH NOKRASHY ELIMINATED and the Brethren in a feverish state of exultance, el Banna decided it was time to make an official bid for the throne of all Islam. Egged on by his entourage, he decided to have himself anointed Caliph.

There are two versions of the episode that follows. One says that el Banna suddenly discovered that there were no technical facilities for anointing would-be caliphs at his headquarters. Islamic austerity had also made him go easy on running water installations at his home. So he decided to go forthwith to the Young Men's Moslem Association

in Cairo. There he could satisfy the traditional requirements of bathing, cutting and oiling his beard and generally readying his person for the great honor he had reserved for himself.

Another version is that el Banna simply received an anonymous telephone call: "If you want to succeed in your plans, come immediately to the Young Men's Moslem Association. There you will meet a powerful friend."

At any rate, Sheikh el Banna, accompanied by a bodyguard, took a taxi to the YMMA. He remained there for a considerable time. When he came out, he stood for a minute on the steps, blinking his little eyes in the sunlight. A black car that had been waiting at the corner leisurely drove up and stopped before the entrance. One of its passengers took careful aim and shot five bullets into el Banna. The Sheikh died on the spot. The car leisurely drove off and was soon lost in the jumbled traffic of downtown Cairo.

Who killed "Caliph" el Banna? The best-informed sources say that some associates of the murdered Chief of Police wanted revenge. Knowing that el Banna was by far too powerful to be hauled into court, they repaid him in his own money. A bearded sage of el Azhar University commented that evening: "What is born in blood shall die in blood."

And the blood had not yet ceased to flow.

Moving in to wipe out the Brethren, police surrounded their clandestine radio station on el Fawal Island off Alexandria. Youssef Malik, Sheikh el Banna's executioner, had taken refuge there. Cornered, he remembered the American gangster movies he had seen. For thirty minutes he kept up a gun battle with the cops, then staggered out into the open, the two guns in his fists still blazing. Alternately cursing and invoking Allah, he fell to his knees and died. Other raids and shootings took place throughout Egypt.

BUT THE BROTHERHOOD cannot be wiped out with guns and handcuffs alone. Its strength and ferocity are merely symptoms of the ills that plague the Middle East. Those ills are poverty, ignorance, disease, corruption, and in some cases foreign and domestic exploitation.

Sultanov the Soviet agent was right when he said: "The Arabs are desperate. Like the Russian peasants in 1917, they are ready for anything." More than any other people, perhaps, the Arabs have a history of foreign domination — by the Turks, the French, and the British. Thus, they have no traditional democratic channels through which they can express their dissatisfaction or voice their grievances.

Neither tongue-clucking in the Foreign Office and at the State Department nor solemn disapproval

on editorial pages will help the situation. It is even too late for a general house-cleaning in the Middle East. What is needed now is the building of a new house.

Some countries have realized this, notably Egypt, Lebanon, and Iran. Drastic social, economic, and political reforms have been mapped in those states. But in the case of Egypt and Iran, the problem of foreign intervention still overshadows the domestic situation. In Egypt, for example, popular feeling is so strong that the average man would rather starve than see Suez and the Sudan go to the British.

THUS, the Moslem Brotherhood again finds listeners and recruits. Just a few months ago Egyptian resentment against the British was fanned to a white heat by the Brethren and Communist agitators.* Thousands of innocent people were

* See *"Revolt Along the Nile,"* THE MERCURY, February, 1952.

killed during the Cairo riots and in Ismailia, where fusillades raged near the very mosque where Sheikh el Banna first sounded the call to arms. El Banna is dead now, and has been replaced by a new Supreme Guide, Judge Hassan el Hodeiby Pasha. Recently, the Brotherhood was legalized anew by the Wafd government as a "religious and cultural" organization.

At present it is impossible to tell whether the Brotherhood has finally become "respectable." But if it has, there are other groups to take its place in the back rooms of conspiracy.

For the very conditions that led to the Brotherhood's phenomenal development still exist. Until those conditions are removed, there will always be men like Hassan el Banna to whip up fanaticism and murder, and there will be other agents like Abdul Rahman Sultanov to help organize a bigger and better Murder Inc. for the Middle East.

the monazite mystery

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

AMBASSADOR TO INDIA Chester Bowles, former governor of Connecticut and party-line Fair Dealer, recently admonished the American people that they must contribute no less than one billion dollars in the next several years to increase India's food production.

As of June, 1952, the State Department, at Bowles' urging, had donated \$54 millions to India in Point Four funds. Another \$150 millions has been requested from Mutual Security Aid funds for the South Asia area — India, Pakistan, Nepal, Afghanistan, and Ceylon. And Bowles will ask \$250 millions more for Point Four alone in 1952.

In order to judge to what extent the 1952 contribution to India may be expected to promote the welfare

of the United States, and to see just how "mutual" the security in this foreign program really is, it is well to re-examine the facts behind last year's \$200-odd million remittance to India.

In December, 1950, Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, faced up to an embarrassing situation. After three years of studied non-co-operation with the United States, culminating in his government's self-conscious neutrality on the Korean affair, he was forced to appeal to this country for one of the biggest and fastest international handouts in history.

A looming famine caused by drought, floods, and a running economic war against Pakistan made this appeal necessary. Nehru requested a long-term loan with which to buy two million tons of food grain, mostly wheat, costing \$190 millions. But the silver lining was there: Mr. Acheson's State Department would surely come across, ex-

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pansively and with dispatch. There remained the formality of congressional approval — a formality because the American people have never boggled when starvation, or the prospect of starvation, was the issue.

But the going-over Nehru got from Congress and a part of the press before the loan was finally approved six months later should not have happened to an Untouchable. His champions in the State Department also absorbed some punishment. The debate centered on India's five-year embargo against selling certain strategic materials to the United States and our government's failure to do anything about it.

THE FIRST DISSONANT NOTE came from Pakistan, following President Truman's carefully packaged request to Congress that the \$190 millions be appropriated as a gift rather than a loan. It was learned that although Pakistan had available 300,000 tons of grain for export to India — its normal market — India had refused to buy it because of a dispute over exchange rates.

This information set off a chain reaction. A few journalists and congressmen began looking into the nature and causes of India's plight. Representative Charles J. Kersten of Wisconsin led off with a speech that suggested three methods by which India could pay for the grain without borrowing an American dollar.

First, India had some two billion pounds in her blocked account in London, and American commitments to build air bases and the like in the sterling area were easily large enough to consume a part of this sum over the next several years, in direct payment for the wheat. Mr. Kersten's second suggestion concerned the gold and jewel hoards of the Indian princes, most particularly those of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the "world's richest man." The Nizam — Usman Ali by name, Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire, Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, amateur poet, and world's champion miser — can put his hands on \$500 millions in gold bullion and \$1.5 billions in jewels without moving out of his palace. Since Nehru has no bourgeois superstitions about private property, why not order the wheat and send Nizam and some of his fellow princes the tab?

Mr. Acheson brushed off this suggestion with the coy observation that "these princes are not the fellows who need the grain." And that indomitable defender of free enterprise, the Honorable Jacob Javits of New York, clucked at an idea that, he said, amounted to confiscation of private property.

But it was Mr. Kersten's third proposal that made the sparks fly, and, in fact, delayed the bill for months before the administration marshaled its strength and steam-

rolled it through in midyear. He suggested that a part of the \$190 millions could be paid by India in strategic materials without endangering her dollar reserve. Because, since 1945, India had placed an embargo on certain raw materials we need desperately for our atom bomb development.

Before Kersten's disclosures not a hint had been dropped by our diplomats, atomic energy experts, or anyone else in the administration about India's intransigence where strategic materials are concerned. And when Mr. Kersten pulled his finger out of the dyke, he was flooded with calls, telegrams, and letters from American businessmen exposing India's economic discrimination against this country.

Our burlap industry had nearly collapsed from an embargo on shipments of raw jute and repeated hiking of the export duty on burlap by India, notwithstanding the fact that Indian jute was readily available for bartering with Russia for 50,000 tons of wheat when the Kremlin made its offer in March, 1951. But the Soviet Union welshed on the deal, which had received fulsome praise from Nehru and roars of applause from the Indian parliament. Even then, India turned down United States cash for her jute.

American users of the mineral beryllium were also caught in a bight because of an embargo by India. Beryllium is not a household

word, but it is listed by the Munitions Board as a Class One strategic material in very short supply. It is vital as an alloying metal to toughen copper, as a moderator or neutron absorber in nuclear reactors, and as an ingredient of aircraft spark plugs and radar insulators. Hardly any beryl ore is found in the United States. During the war, India was our largest foreign supplier after Brazil. But when India won her independence from the British in 1947, an embargo was clamped on all beryl ore shipments.

But the first and foremost evidence of India's intractability was her policy on her vast deposits of monazite ore. Few people had heard of monazite before the India grain debate; and even during and after that debate not enough people heard about it because of a set tendency on the part of an influential segment of the American press to play advocate for Nehru's India, whatever its shortcomings. If the American people knew the facts, "monazite" would be a fighting word in this country today.

THE MONAZITE STORY would make good material for an Oppenheim mystery. It has all the ramifications of first-class international intrigue. The dénouement comes when a small group of French businessmen and Indian scientists make monkeys out of the State Department and its expendable billions.

Monazite is a complex ore which contains the fifteen rare earth elements and thorium. Thorium is an atomic material of the utmost importance. It is not itself fissionable, but neutron bombardment can convert thorium 232 into uranium 233, which is just as fissionable as plutonium. There is seven times as much thorium in the world as uranium. And India has at least three-fourths of the known, workable world supply of monazite, classified by the Munitions Board in Class One of the Strategic and Critical Materials list! Two days after the Acheson-Lilienthal Atomic Energy Report revealed that thorium had atomic value, India clapped an embargo on all shipments of monazite to foreign countries.

Nehru and his apologists indignantly assert that India is doing only what the United States has done in this respect, and that, after all, India needs these materials for her "own atomic energy program."

This statement is disingenuous, to say the least. American scientists flatly declare that India could not conceivably develop an operating atomic energy project for at least twenty years. She lacks the necessary basic chemical, industrial, scientific, and capital assets, and she also lacks the indispensable uranium.

Beyond thorium, the rare earth elements themselves possess important strategic properties. Two of them are essential for special optical

glasses and radio tubes. An alloy called misch metal, composed of the rare earths, less thorium, is rated "*absolutely necessary to jet engine production*," according to a front-page story in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 20, 1952. Rare earth elements are also used in a newly found steel alloy, the nature of which is still secret.

The House Foreign Affairs Committee summed up alert American opinion when it stated: "With due regard for India's policies on strategic and critical materials, the Committee desires to observe that in the long-term view, strategic materials are as vital to national survival of the United States as food grains are to India."

In the meantime, thanks to the foresight of General Leslie Groves, chief of our wartime atomic energy program, the United States was able, until the beginning of 1951, to obtain most of its peacetime monazite requirements from Brazil. Then Brazil, following a flying visit from Dr. Homi J. Bhaba, top Indian atomic scientist, stopped all monazite shipments to the United States. Small supplies also have come from Florida, and very recently from Idaho. Unfortunately, these domestic sources are of a lower grade than foreign ore, and will last only for a limited time — they are inland and not replenishable, as are the Indian beach deposits of Travancore, which are swept up from the floor of

the Indian Ocean by every storm.

The British rare earth-thorium enterprise, on the other hand, lies inert for lack of monazite. The question arises: Why haven't American firms applied economic sanctions to thaw India's attitude? They have tried to, and run into a stone wall.

IN 1948 the U. S. rare earth-thorium processors, who make most of the thorium gas mantles in the world, got fed up with shipping mantles to India while that country refused to sell us any thorium ore. The State Department, of course, had ignored the processors' repeated requests that India be urged to end the embargo. So the American firms placed an embargo on further shipments of thorium gas mantles to India, who is the largest user of them in the world. At the end of six months, the lights were going out all over India. Frantic pleas were directed to our State Department, with the result that the American businessmen were called on the mat in Washington. Dean Acheson made it clear that the embargo must be lifted. Since the processors were heavily dependent on business from the Atomic Energy Commission, they knuckled under; but only after Acheson had promised that steps would be taken to induce India to end her monazite ban.

When a year passed with no lifting of the ban, the Americans again stopped selling gas mantles to India.

The ritual was re-enacted. India complained through diplomatic channels, Acheson summoned the American businessmen, threats were implied, and the processors again agreed to ship thorium mantles to India on the understanding that the State Department would immediately open negotiations for monazite. This was in 1949. It is interesting that early in 1951 the Indian Embassy in Washington wrote Congressman Kersten that during the five years the monazite embargo had been in effect, "the United States had never formally requested that the embargo be lifted."

A strange development took place a few months before India touched our compliant State Department for the grain handout. A French company that was bombed out of the rare earth and thorium business during the war wanted to get back in. Contemplating reorganization, company officers also eyed the possibilities of a world monopoly. This French company, the Société de Produits Chimiques des Terres Rares, agreed to show India how to build a rare earth-thorium plant and to train Indian personnel to run it. India could keep the thorium, and in return the French company would get the rare earths.

On the strength of this agreement, India has been shipping hundreds of tons of monazite a year to France for "experimental purposes"—though Nehru unabashedly stated during

the Indian grain debate that *all* monazite shipments had been embargoed.

American chemists point out that a rare earth plant in India is about as practical as a luxury hotel in Greenland. Such a plant requires seven times the volume of basic chemicals as the monazite processed, all of which would have to be shipped either from Western Europe or the United States, since India lacks the basic chemical assets and industry.

WHEN CONGRESSMAN KERSTEN, Senator Styles Bridges, and others, backed by letters from the Munitions Board and the Atomic Energy Commission, began to embarrass the State Department, a counterattack developed. Letters began appearing in the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Post*, and other pro-administration organs, heaping abuse on sadistic congressmen who sought to starve Indian women and children. Scathing editorials and cartoons appeared in the same *Fair Deal* papers, and radio loudspeakers emitted the frog-voiced complaints of Elmer Davis. Shrill, well-meaning letters from outraged churchmen began to pour in on Capitol Hill.

All these good people missed the point, of course. Nobody in Congress opposed sending grain to India. There was never any doubt that it would be sent. The debate concerned only the terms of the deal. The ad-

ministration's own presentation of the case revealed that the two million tons of grain we would furnish was only four per cent of India's annual consumption. Having committed themselves to shipping the grain, many congressmen could not understand the rush. After all, the Indians did not have to eat the missing four per cent first. So why not exhume, item by item, the record of India's policies toward this country since the war, and determine appropriate terms?

But the administration would have none of it. Facts were coming out illustrating the State Department's failure and unwillingness to push the interests of the United States in India. The limelight of publicity was beginning to make our "total diplomats" hot under their starched collars, so the curtain had to be rung down before Congress and the public found out too much.

The President, backed up by his press and radio clique, won the day, as usual, over an understaffed and overworked Congress. The bill passed, with no strings attached. The Bridges Amendment, passed by the Senate, requiring "immediate and continuing transfer [by India] of substantial quantities of monazite and beryl," was removed by the House. But the congressional fight had not been entirely in vain; the gift — requested by Truman and Acheson — became instead a "loan." Although no one expects the loan to

be repaid, it has some psychological value on the books, and might make Nehru more diffident when it comes to asking for a second handout. The embarrassing revelations that came to light during the debate may also stay somewhat the lavish hand of the State Department on future occasions. Congress will no doubt show a greater measure of determination the next time an antagonistic neutral demands charity from American "imperialists."

SO MUCH FURORE developed during the congressional debate over India's monazite embargo that the State Department lobbyists, haunting the cloakrooms, gave the congressmen solemn assurances that, while the matter could not be tied to the sending of food to hungry people, immediate steps would be taken after the bill's passage to negotiate with India on monazite, and that prospects were rosy.

After the India grain bill became law in June, 1951, a special State Department mission headed by William D. Pawley, old China hand and former Ambassador to Brazil, went to New Delhi. They had previously browbeaten American business into agreeing to supply India with the technical knowledge to build a monazite processing plant.

The Americans agreed to this on the stipulation that India would ship five thousand tons of monazite at once, as a show of good faith. Pawley and retinue returned from their junket with a promise that India would ship five *hundred* tons of monazite to the United States government stockpile.

This was the best the State Department's "total diplomacy" could do in the year since Congress was promised "very favorable prospects for an agreement on monazite" if the India grain loan were granted.

Meanwhile, our Idaho monazite deposits have proved richer than expected, and a lode of bastnasite ore, containing rare earths, though hardly any thorium, was discovered in Nevada. By the end of 1952, we hope to produce enough rare earths to satisfy peace-time demands. Meanwhile, several important new uses for rare earths have had to be shelved while the pinch lasts. It goes almost without saying that no quantities of thorium, a basic source of nuclear energy, would be "enough" — peace or war. Yet India, whose monazite sands are *the largest known source of atomic material in the world*, continues to hoard this supply while the United States pours its wealth into Nehru's hands to satisfy Acheson's desire for "good relations."

VIENNA—Open City

François Bondy

THERE ARE TWO BERLINS — but only one Vienna. Unlike Berlin, this ancient European capital is not split up into a Soviet satrapy on the one side and a “fortress” of the West on the other; a sector of bitter servitude and a sector of bitter resistance to that servitude. In Berlin, two violent forces are in permanent collision along a clearly drawn line. In Vienna, Soviet penetration is pervasive and unspectacular, and encounters a discreet and unspectacular resistance. Two patient antagonists confront one another in a capital half resigned to being no longer a metropolis — Vienna’s traditional vivacity always had a tinge of fatalism to it.

Europe today is one big museum of capitals of defunct empires, capitals that crouch over their ruins or

.....
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stand erect like monuments to their own past greatness. Only yesterday Berlin was the capital of the Third German Reich. Today this phoenix rises anew from its ashes, purged of its aggressive past by the fires that consumed it.

The Austro-Hungarian empire of which Vienna was the capital died a generation earlier, when de Gasperi was a deputy in the Austrian Diet and Tito a sergeant in the Hapsburg army. But the spirit of the capital survives in its humane atmosphere, in its architecture, and in its astonishingly vigorous artistic tradition.

What used to be imperial residences are today office buildings and apartment houses. The editors of the magazine *Wort und Wahrheit* received me in what was once Emperor Leopold’s study, and I talked to the daughter of the late President Renner in a wing of the Schoenbrunn Castle. Yet it is not the changes that strike you, it is the permanence.

Vienna's present charm has been compared, rather horribly, to the precious ambergris secreted by dying whales. Against the amiable softness of the somewhat spineless world of Vienna its great writers — a Karl Korsch and a Robert Musil — employed the hard-cutting edge of satire.

Vienna's history is full of contradictions. At one time it was the center of the most militant and constructive socialist movement in Europe; but this did not prevent huge throngs, later on, from giving Hitler a frenzied welcome. Today it is the seat of a government that upholds democracy and the moral dignity of man under the most unfavorable — not to say absurd — conditions. The history of this city gives as many reasons for hope as for despair. But to appreciate this we must perhaps push aside memories at once too recent and too unreal and go back to the centuries of Vienna's resistance to the Turkish soldiers of conquering Islam. Vienna did indeed resist, but at the same time, fearing the bombardment of its churches, replaced their crosses with the Islamic crescent. Even today there is an ancient church surmounted by this most un-Catholic emblem. The new conquering faith of our own times has made deeper inroads than the old, but at bottom it is as alien to Austria as was Islam. The new empire of the East, in spite of its holding some

very strong points, is still not master of Austria. The coalition government of Catholics and Socialists has successfully asserted its authority, and with it the principles of Western democracy, right up to the Iron Curtain — right up to the Hungarian frontier that fugitives daily risk their lives to cross.

HERE THE IRON CURTAIN is no metaphor, no subject for learned historical references to the secular divorce of Rome from Byzantium, Russia from the West. Nor is it a "cliché" of anti-Communist propaganda that delegates returning from Moscow congresses mention with a derisive smile. Here is how the English correspondent G. E. R. Gedye describes it:

"The exploding curtain itself — 400 kilometers long — consists of two parallel belts of barbed wire, each nine feet deep and twelve feet high. The intervening space is sown with specially sensitive Teller mines, attached to trip wires. Within each belt of wire is a chain of larger, oblong mines, attached to the fixed strands of barbed wire, as well as to almost invisible trip wires. At frequent intervals there are watch towers, twenty-seven feet high, on which are stationed frontier guards, equipped with automatic weapons and powerful torches capable of picking out a man at a distance of two hundred yards. Thus is the frontier apparently hermetically

closed. And yet an average of thirty to sixty persons still succeeds in getting through it each month, by simple or by devious means. There was the parish priest who made himself familiar to the frontier guards by constant visits to a cemetery close to the wire, ostensibly to identify graves of victims of the Nazis. Then, one day at noon, when he knew that all the A.V.H. men would be at the railway station inspecting travelers, he walked out of the churchyard, breviary in hand and a pair of wire cutters under his soutane, cut through the wire, had luck with the mines, which after many months' deterioration needed renewal, and landed safely in the British zone. I met an ex-officer of the Hungarian engineers, formerly a baron with an estate of 1,500 acres: he and his wife told me that for two months they had gone daily to an orchard near the mine fields, ostensibly to buy apples, but actually to study the layout before escaping. I talked to a factory girl, employed in a frontier town, as she sat on her bed nursing her eight months' old baby. She had just got out with two other women, each with a child of five. Peasants had exploded the mines the night before to give them a chance."

These refugees — who must look forward, alas, to internment, enforced idleness, and police harassment — are too numerous for even the Austrian Communists to enter-

tain any illusions about the kind of regime that exists next door.

Seen from Hungary, Austria is liberty itself. But seen from the West, it is a country still under occupation seven years after the end of a war that, according to the unanimous declarations of the victors, was supposed to have restored her her freedom. It is a country whose autonomy has been jeopardized by an invading imperialism's taking control of her resources and strategic positions. After 258 meetings of representatives of the four occupation powers, the peace treaty that is supposed to restore Austria her sovereignty — a very limited sovereignty — is still unsigned. When and if it is ratified, it will assure the USSR of enormous privileges: thirty-year concessions over almost all the oil fields; ownership of the Danubian Shipping Association, with all its wharves, warehouses, and other installations; and, finally, an indemnity of \$150 millions in return for giving back to Austria factories which the Soviet Union now runs on the pretext that they are "former enemy property" and which she has combined into a huge trust. These factories and oil fields are Soviet enclaves in Austrian territory; the Soviet trust is exempt from the control of the Austrian state, to whose treasury it owes five hundred million shillings. In the Soviet-run factories, as well as in the Soviet zone of occupation in general, the

free trade unions are having a hard time of it. Quite recently, Soviet garrison troops about to be relieved looted many of the apartments they had under requisition; even the local Communists joined in the protest.

RAVAG, the Austrian radio station, is an important Russian key position. The intellectuals, who in any case are badly off, have to depend on the money they earn by writing for it; RAVAG is by no means a negligible instrument of coercion. In addition, there are the pressures, corruptions, blackmailings, and intimidations that the Russians use to bring the intellectuals into line; outright terror, however, is employed only occasionally.

The censorship is kept up at Soviet insistence. A short time ago the Austrian government decided that an "Allied" censor ought to be appointed to replace the present "Austrian" censor and fired eighty of the people working in the censor's office. The result of this was to hold up the delivery of tens of thousands of letters for lack of personnel to read them promptly. The Soviet authorities, ignoring in characteristic fashion this decision of the Austrian government, continue to stamp letters "read by the Austrian censor." But this, you might say, is done in the same spirit that the Soviet occupation newspaper continues to call itself the *Oesterreichische Zeitung* — the "Austrian News."

Books can be ordered withdrawn from circulation, and now and then they are censored in advance if the author or publisher lives in the Soviet zone or in the Soviet sector of Vienna. Editors and newspapermen can be called on the mat by the Kommandantur; on the whole, however, the Austrian press manages to say everything it wants to say.

Political satire in the cabarets is toned down, but only in the sense that "the Allies" are attacked when it is one particular "ally" — the U.S.S.R. — that is meant.

THE MORAL POSITION of the Austrian Communists, whom the Russians call upon for jobs of denunciation and even kidnapping, is humiliating in the extreme. The Soviets are using Vienna more and more as the center of a great many of the activities of international Stalinism. Nevertheless, Vienna continues to be a European and democratic capital, and no Viennese makes any mistake about this, though a foreigner might.

The Viennese, though they are alive enough to anything that might promote the cause of peace, showed little enthusiasm for the big demonstration which the World Peace Congress put on last November. In spite of the presence of international observers, the non-Communist Austrian press decided to say nothing about the demonstration; besides, the Austrian government only learned

about it in the Communist newspapers. Prominent non-Communist writers who had announced their support of the Peace Congress withdrew from it as soon as the war in Korea began.

During my visit, the well-known Hungarian Marxist theoretician George Lukacs — once again deemed a valuable export article (it had been rumored that he was in disgrace) — lectured on the subject of “healthy art and sick art.” In spite of the speaker’s undoubted abilities, his lecture recalled those diatribes which agents of another dictatorship used to deliver against “degenerate art.”

“Healthy art,” Lukacs began, “is the art of the Soviet Union, but that’s not what I wish to talk about.” And he went on to describe the ailing literature of the West, lumping an obscure Nazi writer called Dwinger with André Malraux and D. H. Lawrence in an amalgam worthy of the Moscow trials. A Viennese writer later remarked to me in private: “We too have our university professors with their heads full of theories about subjectivism and objectivism, but at least the police don’t force them on us.”

The Communist organ for influencing the intellectuals is a literary review called *Tagebuch*. Also, the Austrian Communist leader, Ernst Fischer, who is considered the best orator in Parliament, is himself an intellectual of note. Although he

wrote a rabid denunciation of Tito’s treachery, Fischer is generally regarded as too Western a Communist to survive the Stalinization of Austria. His colleague, Matejka, was once connected with the Schuschnigg regime; his Bolshevism isn’t taken very seriously, which only makes it easier for him to find his way into the most liberal intellectual and artistic circles.

Direct Soviet pressure is less a danger for the future than the mounting apathy and discouragement. Austria’s isolation from the rest of Europe contributes to this apathy. A nation whose language and culture are German, Austria is not only cut off from Germany but from almost all the Eastern countries with which she was once linked. The peace treaty, once again, forbids an *Anschluss*, and even the establishment of any kind of close economic relations with Germany. Here a Schuman plan is strictly forbidden by the victorious powers — what is truth along the Rhine is sheerest error on the Danube.

Austria is condemned by the peace treaty to a future of isolation, except that she may join a European federation should one be established — which might perhaps be her sole chance of survival. As for the temptation of *Anschluss*, it grows stronger in direct proportion as normal economic, political, and cultural relations are artificially reduced.

In the provincial Austrian capitals the Nazis are being published and fêted again to a far greater degree than in Germany. It is dispiriting to see bookstores which exclude the recent works of Ernst Jünger, for example, displaying on their shelves the most brazen apologies for the Third Reich.

The many similarities between Germany's and Austria's situation, faced as they are by the same clear threat, by rights ought to encourage close co-operation not only between their intellectuals, but also between their politicians and trade-union people. In fact, however, any contact is rare. Not one Austrian minister, I believe, has yet visited postwar Germany, and *vice versa*.

AUSTRIA'S ENFORCED ISOLATION encourages all sorts of illegal relations, clandestine trading, and large-scale speculations, with the agents of the various people's democracies competing against each other and the Soviet trust taking a hand.

Corruption and laxity do indeed revive a certain atmosphere of freedom, whose most innocent aspect is doubtless the custom of restaurants, on porkless and veal-less days, to list "wild boar cutlets" and "venison stew" on their menus; behind these sporting aliases everybody recognizes the nominally forbidden domestic animals of every day.

Austria's economy is not a free-enterprise but a corporative one.

Each profession has its own association which, while representing only particular, well-organized interests, performs a quasi-public and official function; above all, it serves to restrict competition. Austrian industry is the most cartelized in Europe, and the rigidity of its price structure is in a fair way to eliminating it from its best export markets. One observer likened the country in this respect to a man trying to strangle himself with his own two hands.

Austria's economy is highly statified, even to its big banks; which are, nevertheless, able to follow a rather independent policy. In every section of the country's administration you get the impression that there are a few intelligent high officials working their legs off, their prodigious efforts making it possible for a crowd of petty and middling bureaucrats, of doubtful abilities and zeal, to earn a living. What Austrian society lacks most of all is undoubtedly an enterprising middle class. Here, as in the country's cultural life, the virtually complete disappearance of the Jews (the circumstances of which everybody prefers not to remember) is sharply felt.

A parliamentary democracy superimposed on a corporative economy (which the agricultural interests dominate at least as much as the cartels) has a hard time stabilizing itself. The eternal coalition to which the two leading parties, Cath-

olic and Socialist, are condemned is like a marriage which only the housing shortage keeps from breaking up.

THE VITALITY OF Austrian cultural life is the biggest surprise that Vienna has to offer visitors. Every night you have a choice between an admirably produced opera and some classical play (ranging from Shakespeare to the great Austrian classic of comedy, Nestroy). Every night concerts of classical and modern music attract large audiences. The Viennese concert-goer's poverty is obvious, and he must make sacrifices to participate (with a vivacity I have not seen anywhere) in this uninterrupted festival of music.

One of the moving spirits behind the revival of the Viennese theater, which was hit so hard by the war, is the great director Hilbert. In Paris last month his company gave its first performance of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* at the international exhibition of "Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century." Hilbert, with whom I had a long talk about this theatrical renaissance, refused to tell me anything about his own past; I learned only by accident, toward the end of my stay, that he had spent eight years in a Nazi concentration camp.

Among the young Austrian dramatists, only the exile Fritz Hochwaelder has scored a success, with his *God's Earth*. The harsh and original plays of the highly talented Odón von Horvath (who was killed on the eve of the war by a falling tree on the Champs-Élysées) still haven't won the reputation they deserve.

Vienna's artistic genius often expresses itself in a fierce opposition to the city's mild and easygoing style of life. The sculptures of Wotrubá and the compositions of Hauer have a harshness, an audacity, which, in spite of what people may think, are also very characteristically Austrian.

Vienna isn't Berlin. It is not a fortress but an open city. It lives more on its memories than on its hopes. The freedom that it now enjoys, you can't help thinking, is more in the nature of a reprieve than a renewal. Still, you hope that you are wrong. In any case this Viennese freedom is a miracle at which the visitor must marvel every day, as he must marvel at its theaters and music every night. Vienna, open city, holds out a promise to Prague and to Budapest, which were also European capitals and which Europe has not forgotten.



The WORLD

of the UNWORLDLY

Flora Rheta Schreiber

DRIVING FROM LANCASTER, Pennsylvania, my instructions were to go straight to Her Majesty's Underwear Company and then take any road. Any road would lead me through the more than two-hundred-year-old picket fence that metaphorically separates Lancaster from its surrounding countryside — the miniscule boroughs of Bird-In-Hand, Blue-Ball, Intercourse, Fertility, Paradise, Eden, New Holland, boroughs where the Amish live in their large gray farmhouses.

Any road would lead me into the land of the Amish, which, although a mere sixty miles from Philadelphia and only one-hundred-fifty miles from New York City, is a peaceful island, in the world but not of the world. Here past is pres-

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ent. Here the ways of the fathers are the ways of the sons. Here the sons, by refusing to acknowledge the machine age, have maintained the horse-and-buggy era. They live today as their forefathers who, on October 8, 1737 arrived in Philadelphia, on a sailing vessel incongruously called the Charming Polly, wanted them to live. *Es war net fer alters so* — the fathers did not do it that way — is the guiding maxim that protects the Amish world against intrusion.

Protection against intrusion is fundamental if the Old Order Amish are to maintain the Old Order and live in strict accordance with the teachings of Jacob Amman, a Swiss minister who, in 1690, broke with the Mennonites and founded the Amish sect. As a special symbol of separation from the world and other churches, Amman introduced the now traditional use of hooks and

eyes instead of buttons on the clothing of Amish men. Amman, from whose name derives the name "Amish," clashed with the Mennonites, the parent church, because he believed in strict avoidance of all members of the sect who had been excommunicated. The clash with the Mennonites came in the midst of persecution which the Mennonites had endured since the days of the Swiss Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. There were manifold reasons for this persecution — an essential difference in the interpretation of Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and of the sacraments; the emphasis on freedom of the will; a disinterest in ritual and church organization; a fervent insistence on non-resistance; a fixed belief in a select congregation, separate from the world and the state. These differences led to relentless persecution and in the cantons of Zurich and Bern, the Mennonites and later the Amish were as "sheep for the slaughter."

Persecution made the Amish seek the New World where they might live unmolested. Their decision was that only by living apart from the world could they keep their religion inviolate. Psychologically, it was an act of renunciation. Up went the metaphorical picket fence through which I seemed to be passing as I drove into Amish territory.

The Amish are not numerous, but they are not dying out. In the

United States, which houses the largest group, there are some 14,874 Old Order Amish. Lancaster is the oldest Amish settlement, the Amish capital. Amish are also to be found in Mifflin County, in the Kishacoquillas Valley, in Lebanon and Berks County, all in Pennsylvania; near Dover, Delaware; near Norfolk, Virginia; in a new settlement in St. Mary's County, Maryland; in settlements scattered through the Middle West and the West: in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa; in Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Arkansas and Oklahoma; in Colorado, Montana, Idaho and Oregon. There are also settlements in Ontario, in Nassau, in Switzerland, France, Germany and South America.

THE CAR in which I was driving made the transition from present to past — from the world of the Gay People, as the Amish call us, to the world of the Plain People, as they designate themselves — when it drove right up to the blacksmith's shop. I met the blacksmith, a red-headed man with ruddy face and blue eyes. The car stopped again and I was in the presence of the carriage maker. Important figures in a world where to drive an automobile, let alone own one, is against a man's religion.

When the car stopped again, I had arrived at my destination. It was only 11:30 A.M. but for my hosts, Nahum and his family, it was al-

ready dinner time. Nahum had been up since 4:30, had had breakfast at 5:30, and had been working since 6:00. The afternoon would mean more work, supper at 4:30, more work till dark, and bed between 8:30 and 9:00.

My entrance into Nahum's home and hearth had been arranged by a Lancastrian acquaintance of mine who has made friends among the Amish. Some Lancastrians regard the Amish as those funny people who come to the city to shop or to sell their produce at the Farmers' Market. Funny, because as they walk the Lancaster streets—the women in their great shawls, their long plain dresses of solid somber or bright colors, their large bonnets; the men, bearded but without mustaches, in their wide-brimmed hats, using hooks and eyes instead of buttons—they become a people set apart. Funny to strangers, too, because rumor has it that they bundle, believe in hex signs, and paint their gates blue when they have a marriageable daughter. I was soon to discover that rumor had it wrong. Bundling is certainly not condoned, hex signs are "chust for fancy," and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, hunting for an Amish home with a blue gate, gave up the ghost of the search.

There is austerity in the life of these Plain People, a denial of comfort and a removal from vanity. There is no electricity, no steam

heat. There are neither radios nor telephones, bathtubs nor pianos. Not a mirror hung in Nahum's house. There were no plants, no cut flowers, no curtains. Like all Amish women, his wife, Eva, and his daughters, Sara, 26, Reba, 19, and Rachel, 14, conceal rather than reveal their beauty. Flaps both in front and in back of their dresses conceal their figures. Their dresses, which are of solid colors, are made with a cape over the shoulders and they always wear an apron. Straight pins rather than buttons hold the dresses together. Their hair is pulled up under little white prayer caps. And, of course, they wear neither jewelry nor makeup.

But along with austerity, there is also serenity. Paradoxically, although the historic impulse behind Amish isolation is fear of oppression, their lives reflect serenity, the peace that comes with clearly defining what you want, with limiting ambition to the attainable. The peace that comes with having an unflinching, undeviating philosophy in which existence, like ancient Gaul, is in three parts—God, the soil, and the family.

God to the Amish is an intimate personal God. The symbolism for the relationship is heart within heart, "my heart within the heart of the Lord." The distinctive elements in worshipping God are: abstention from taking oaths, the re-

fusal to bear arms, adult baptism, the substitution of moral earnestness for dogma. Theirs is a God concerned with every detail of the Amishman's life, practical as well as spiritual. The Church, far from confining itself to the spiritual, through its ministers, who are chosen by lot to enforce God's will, steps in and disciplines an Amishman who neglects his farm, just as readily as one who has committed a breach of Church observance. The Amish religion must be practiced as it is preached, and it is a pragmatism that takes the Bible literally. So literally that even the dolls with which Amish children play have no faces, for does not the Bible say: "Thou shalt not make unto Thee any graven image?"

Worship among these Old Order, or House Amish takes place only every other Sunday and always in the home or barn of a different member of the congregation. The absence of a church building is considered essential, because it indicates conclusively that no one place is more sacred than any other. To erect a church, these House Amish believe, is to take the first step towards a ritualism which in turn would destroy what they regard as true Christianity. Ritualism, like luxury and personal adornment, belongs to the World, and the World and the congregation must be kept forever separate. So unworldly is the congregation that the only music at the service is unaccompanied singing

and even this is limited to the doleful songs of the unforgotten European persecution. So unworldly, too, that the only property which the congregation owns are hymnals and a few simple straight-backed benches.

THE SOIL is the Amishman's life. The congregation does not permit him to live in cities. His life must be rural and a self-contained religious and economic unit. To him the soil is the Good Earth, God's soil, the source from which he and his derive strength. To neglect the soil is at once to neglect God and to fail in your own earthly duty. Nahum's farm is 100 acres, and farmland in this region is valued as high as \$1,870 per acre. He has twelve horses and twenty-two milch cows. He and his sons, Micah, 23, Daniel, 18, and Elias, 10, work the land. Now that Micah has married, he has left his father's farm to work on his own farm, which his father, as an Amish father must, has given him as a wedding present. When Daniel marries, Nahum must give him a farm, too. But Elias, the youngest, according to Amish precepts, will eventually inherit his father's farm. In just two years, when he is twelve, he will start sharing in the profits of the farm and will have his own horse and buggy. Already he has his own part of the garden and his own ducks; any money he makes from selling the ducks is his own. When Nahum himself, who now is

48, grows old, a part of the spacious farmhouse will be set aside for him. He will not live with his children, but near his children in what is called the Grossdawdy House. He will have his own horse and wagon and continue to live independently but not alone. In case an aging Amishman has no children of his own, a portion of the farmhouse is nevertheless reserved for him when he sells his farm.

MARRIAGE and family are the third cornerstone of existence. Eighteen to twenty-one is the courting age. When a girl is nineteen she receives a hope chest, tries to fill it soon so that she will not stay "leddich" too long. Between sixteen and eighteen a boy is presented with a courting buggy and may begin his quest of a wife. He may find her right in his own community, perhaps at a corn husking bee, or at a Sunday evening "singing." Or, because the Old Order Amish community in Lancaster consists of only some three thousand five hundred people and it is impossible to marry outside the faith, he may have to visit another settlement. A visit planned for a day may last a week.

He will be very secretive in his wooing, calling upon his girl after her family has gone to bed by throwing corn or a few pebbles at her window, perhaps using a flashlight or a light from the buggy. She will come down and then they indulge in

K'Noatsha (hugging) and find that to be in each other's arms is "plesseerlich." If they find they want the "plesseerlich" to continue, they will decide that "this isn't chust for so. This is for steady." The consent of the parents is sought usually through the Schtecklimann, a church deacon. The church leaders must be satisfied that everything is in good order for the proposed marriage, and then the wedding date is set. The bride and groom go around personally inviting the guests, in an open courting buggy. Once they are married, they will buy a new buggy — with a covered top suitable for protecting a wife against the elements.

The wedding usually takes place on a Tuesday or Thursday in November at the home of the bride. November because November follows the reaping of the harvest. Tuesday or Thursday because Wednesday and Friday are considered unlucky days and Saturday and Monday are too close to Sunday. The bride wears a dress of any color she chooses, with a white cape, organdy apron, and kerchief. The kerchief and the apron are carefully put away after the wedding for use at just one other occasion — when she is buried. She carries no flowers, wears no bridal veil, is not "given away," and receives no wedding ring. At no time during the ceremony must the groom turn his back on his bride. The preacher, using High German

and not either English or the Amish variant of Pennsylvania Dutch, the languages of daily life, instructs the couple in their marital duties, in the ethics of marriage, stressing honor and respect. The fathers, the grandfathers, the great-grandfathers of the bride and groom recount their own experiences of domestic felicity.

The wedding celebration goes on all day and there are two enormous feasts, one at noon, one at night. Festivities may continue late into the night, but at any moment the bride and groom, by retiring to their room, can ring down the curtain and send their guests home.

The honeymoon lasts a month or two and is a practical affair, a round of visits to all the aunts and uncles of both the bride and groom. Each visit means a banquet and gifts — tools, farm implements, silver, cows, pigs, poultry, a horse or two.

Marriage, like courtship, is for “steady.” Divorce does not exist. Although the Amishwomen, like women in any patriarchal society, are theoretically subservient to their husbands’ will, there is actually a great deal of mutual respect between husband and wife. To her husband, a wife is the indispensable “she.” Even when she is not present and her name has not previously come up in a conversation, he will refer to her as “she.” “I guess it will be all right with her,” he will say before making a decision.

Women wear no marriage rings

and the man’s beard, the symbol of the righteous life, is also the outer symbol of marriage. Micah, the son of my host, delayed in letting his beard grow after his recent marriage. There were whispers, not too low. His case would come up before the congregation, he would be reproved. At the time of my visit the signs of a beard were evident on his young face.

GOD, THE SOIL, AND THE FAMILY are a way of life that includes as part of the “family” the entire community. The inside world of the Amish is knit by a strong cohesiveness. At dinner, after Nahum had said grace, while we ate ham and sausage which his wife Eva had smoked herself, and buttered our bread with honey, Nahum told us about the burning of one of his barns. Carrying no insurance — for to carry insurance, like putting your money in a bank, borrowing money from a loan company, making investments, going to law, is against Amish precepts — Nahum had only the protection of neighborliness. He told me that a barn raising would take place in a few weeks when his neighbors, working together, would build him a new barn. He had to pay for the materials, but his neighbors would provide free labor. I assumed at first this was some special favor to Nahum, but he assured me that the brethren, taking quite literally the parable of the Good Samaritan, do

as much for any neighbor. An Amishman he knew in Ohio, for instance, had put up a barn for a Roman Catholic neighbor.

The good will of the Amish extends even farther into the alien outside world. During certain periods of World War II the Amish, along with various other branches of the Mennonite Church, a group constituting one tenth of one per cent of our population, were sending as much as forty per cent of all non-governmental relief supplies to Europe and the Near East.

But unworldliness inevitably means conflict with the world. The Amish are sharply criticized for being completely local-minded in politics, voting only on matters that touch them directly, such as school boards and local roads. Rejecting higher education, they run into trouble over the state's compulsory education law. The world, however, tends to be friendly. The Pennsylvania legislature, to accommodate the Amish, passed a bill allowing children who work for their parents to leave school at fourteen. Vetoed by the governor, the bill will be reintroduced at the next session of the legislature. The Amish say to the world: "You learn our children to read, write, and cipher, and we'll learn them to farm." This insistence has strengthened Amish isolation and has meant that the Amish have no doctors, no teachers, no artists of their own. For to develop these skills — in a few

instances they have been developed — means breaking with the sect.

The Amish will bear no arms and so war for them presents a special problem. During the Revolutionary War they were accused of being Tory, and some Amish, in preference to bearing arms against the British, migrated to Canada. During the Civil War their problem was simpler because they were allowed to pay for substitutes to do military service for them. During World War I they were forced into the army but assigned to non-combatant duties. General Hershey, in World War II, set up Civilian Public Service Camps for the Amish. Korea, however, has given the Amish little difficulty, because they have convinced local draft boards that the work their sons do on the farm is essential.

The Amish take a firm stand on farm subsidies. "We are entirely willing not to raise wheat," they say, "but the government can't pay us *not* to do so." They conform to government regulations about the quantity of wheat they may raise, and stand the loss themselves.

The Amish are not so impractically unworldly as to refuse to do business with the world. Nahum took me to one of his barns where his tobacco, ready for market, lay in a heap at our feet. "Where does the tobacco go?" I asked. The American Tobacco Company, he told me, and lit his cigar, as if in loyalty to his client. Even in business, the world is

more apt to make concessions to the Amish than the other way around. The community I visited sells its milk to the Nelson Milk Company of Norristown, Pennsylvania. As the Amish will not sell on Sunday, the Nelson Milk Company, although Sunday is their regular day for collecting milk from the neighboring farms, calls for the milk from Amish farms on Saturday night, an hour or two after milking time.

OUT OF THIS MEETING with the present arise temptations and inconsistencies. When an Amishman errs, the church disciplines him. After the church service, his case comes up before the entire congregation. The minister or bishop leads the meeting and dictates a course of action. But there are certain deviations from the straight and narrow Amish path that never do come up, certain legal fictions, accepted while the church benevolently looks the other way. The Amish have a phrase for these departures — “It hasn’t come up.” And until they do come up, an Amishman, without too much strain on his conscience, will ride in an automobile, although he will not own one. He will not tear down a lightning rod that happens to be on a house before he moved there, although he wouldn’t dream of erecting one himself and so thwart God’s will to strike through lightning. He may even say to a gay neighbor: “I’m an Amishman. I

cannot own a telephone. You get the telephone, let me use it when I need it. And I’ll pay for it.” Radios are strictly forbidden, but Amishmen may keep radios in their barns, for farm reports only, of course. If in the process they happen to catch some part of another program, they are not all above listening. Although theatre, movies, music, county fairs, along with radio, are forbidden, the Amish can legitimately go to the circus to see the animals, which, after all, are God’s creatures. Since they are there anyway, they usually decide to take a look at the rest of the circus. Even though they oppose the Experimental Farm situated right in their own neighborhood, they are good farmers and common sense tells them they cannot afford to neglect the Experimental Farm’s research. Books may be worldly but when the bookmobile arrives the young Amish prove themselves eager readers. On the dresser in Daniel’s room I noticed Albert Payson Terhune’s *Gray Dawn*, the story of a bumptiously gigantic silver and snow collie. When Amish teen-agers, on St. Michael’s Day, in violation of the ban on photography, go to the Five-and-Ten in Lancaster and have their photos taken, their parents disapprove and yet somehow do not frown too severely.

The Amish way of life has, too, its limitations. It provides neither individual fulfillment in the arts or sciences, nor a wide encompassing

intellectual curiosity. The Amish produce no poets, no world leaders. Even personal adventure is impossible. For the exceptional Amishman or Amishwoman the way of life is confining. Dwight D. Eisenhower was born to a family of River Brethren, another sect of plain people, closely resembling the Amish and, like the Amish, an offshoot of the Mennonites. If his family had remained in the fold, neither he nor his brother Milton could have attained the positions they hold today.

But in their isolation, in their circumscribed world, in their peaceful island of living the Amish present a picture in microcosm of the kind of economic security, spiritual serenity, clarity of motives, decency of human relationships for which our world is still struggling. The Amishman wants only what is within his grasp and so he has eliminated impossibility. For the group the way of life is self-sufficing, complete. And in being the most unworldly group in America, they have retained a sweetness of spirit lost to the rest of us.

MY VISIT was drawing to a close. With a feeling of genuine poignancy I made a final tour with Nahum through his land, trying to hold fast to the serenity I had found there, to take some of it back with me into our world of indecision, turmoil, questions. As I was leaving

I asked Nahum if he would sometime come to visit me in New York.

"Sister," he replied, "it isn't easy for a Dutchman to be seen on city streets." And he told me of a visit he had made to an Amish settlement in Ontario.

"Why the beard?" a policeman, stopping him on the street, had asked. Nahum's reply was simply: "Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

Later my friend told me that Nahum had mentioned my invitation to his son Micah, and Micah had responded with an eager "Do you think she really means it?"

In Micah's remark I sensed an eagerness to reach out into the world beyond. I remembered the remark as once again the car, that weird ambassador, was taking me back to the life which had this brief while become an extraneous world.

What did the Amish think of us? was the thought uppermost in my mind on the homeward drive. An Amishman's chance remark that "what the gay people do is all right for the gay people" was the nearest I could come to an answer. But it was an answer that betrayed no great curiosity, that only set up the picket fence against the world of which an occasional Amish Micah might wistfully dream but that the congregation as a whole did not care to know.



ANOTHER LOOK AT

World Federation

Hobart L. Pendleton

THIS BEING a thinking year for Americans, a stock-taking year, one of the things we must think about is "world government." After thinking about local government and state government and national government and taxes and prices and Commies in the State Department and thieves in the Treasury Department — after all this, we must somehow find time to decide where we stand on "world federation." Whatever happened to those plans to "federate us," anyhow? Why did the federation fad wax so fast and wane even faster? And how should a sane and orderly man think about "organizing his world" in 1952?

A good beginning, perhaps, is to recall the distant year of 1946. After all wars men yearn for ways to assure

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peace, and now that we have world wars we must yearn for ways to assure world peace. The yearning in 1946 had been made more acute than usual by the vicarious nightmare over Hiroshima. Then, too, why shouldn't we have world peace? What was there left to fight? All literate Americans had learned from newspapers, radio commentators, books, movies, and comic magazines that the forces of democracy had won from the forces of imperialistic evil an unconditional surrender.

There were a few misgivings about the parochial tyrannies of General Franco and Colonel Peron and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; but these, we were assured, could be settled with a few well-placed boycotts, some public exposure, and the articulate opprobrium of the civilized world. Free Europe was on hand to curb Spain, South Americans were alerted to Argentina, and

Russia was there to restrain any excesses of the Nationalist Government of China.

The way was clear for a world organization to deliver the *coup de grace* to any imperialistic insurgents. The proposed organization was given various names and various mandates by various of its proponents, but most often it was called World Government. And World Government became the goal of a great many good people: most articulately, the goal of the United World Federalists.

The UWF materialized in February, 1947, as a consolidation of various federalist groups. In announcing its goals, its National Executive Council agreed that "while authority given to the world government in the beginning might be very small, this must rapidly increase until the federal government can legislate on the basic causes of international conflict."

The UWF then launched one of the most dedicated, expensive, and emotional advertising campaigns we have ever witnessed. Their product, they believed, was peace. Their resources included a half-million-dollar yearly budget, thousands of volunteer workers, and an irresistible sales line: "Do you want peace? Sign here."

Ely Culbertson is said to have spent over \$400,000 of his own funds to advance his Citizens Committee for United Nations Reform. Clar-

ence Streit's Federal Union received funds from the Carnegie Foundation. Robert Maynard Hutchins instituted a Committee to Frame a World Constitution at the University of Chicago. Millionairess Mrs. Emmons Blaine angeloed the Foundation for World Government which insisted in an early report that "Federalists . . . should not allow financial considerations to limit their thinking, nor to determine the scope of their project." And many dollars were spent by Charles Henry Davis, who once proposed that Franklin D. Roosevelt be given a birthday gift of eleven hundred million dollars with which to promote a world government.

The atomic physicist, Harold Urey, warned: "We must federate or die!" and Mr. Streit pointed out in *Look* magazine that delay meant much more than "just a loss of time. We shall lose, in the end, prosperity, jobs, freedom, peace, homes . . . lives."

There was encouragement from Harry Truman and a sort of marginal endorsement from Robert Taft. Twenty senators, including Joseph McCarthy, sponsored one or more federation resolutions in Congress. Among the organizations which passed approving resolutions were Kiwanis International, the Young Republican National Federation, the National Grange, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Socialist Party, the Liberal Party, the

Social Democratic Federation, the Student League for Social Democracy, the CIO, and Americans for Democratic Action.

Business men enlisted — the president of Standard Oil of Ohio, the president of General Mills, the chairman of General Foods, and a whole covey of Wall Streeters. Full-page ads were donated to various magazines, and the International Latex Company alone paid for forty insertions in leading newspapers.

The literature would fill a library. The UWF advertised an eighty-page bibliography on world government "arranged by topic" and listing nine hundred books and "numerous articles." Mr. Streit's *Union Now* sold 300,000 copies, and this was followed by *Peace or Anarchy* by UWF President Cord Meyer, Jr., and *The Anatomy of Peace* by Emery Reeves.

Educators rushed in, led by the National Education Association, which published a 241-page book of suggestions for teachers on how to make their students "world-minded." Catawba College (Salisbury, North Carolina) announced the foundation of a permanent World Government Institute.

On the campuses "world federalism" outstripped goldfish swallowing. For two years running the National Inter-College Debate Association argued: Resolved, That a World Government Should Be Established. Boys from seven colleges

took over Smith College (all-girl) for a week of talks on world government; and Harvard lads set up a federalist dating bureau with escorts available only to world federalists. Daisies were sold under the slogan "Buy a daisy, don't push one," and tail-end reflectors on baby carriages read: "I believe in world government." The Yale chapter of federalists spent several well-publicized nights in the cellars of their dormitories to illustrate the exigencies of atom warfare, after which they placed hundreds of live turtles, with "Unite or Die" painted on their backs, in the mail boxes of their apathetic classmates. (This particular approach, unfortunately, brought the peace-seeking federalists under heavy cannonading by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.)

The hero of the situation was a young man, Garry Davis, who fled to France as a "world citizen" and proclaimed: "I hereby absolutely and entirely renounce my nationality in the United States and all rights and privileges thereunto pertaining, and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to the United States of America."

By early 1950 the UWF alone had 27 state branches, 710 chapters, 40-odd thousand dues-paying members. Congress was considering 4 different federalist proposals, and 23 states had passed resolutions calling for a national convention to amend the

Constitution of the United States in order to make world federalism possible.

The UWF announced: "Until recently . . . world federation had seemed a distant, perhaps unattainable goal. . . . Now there are few informed individuals or groups who do not agree that world federation is the only adequate solution to the problem of international war."

THEN THE BUBBLE BURST. Mr. Davis came home, and he has since regained his citizenship. Thousands of UWF subscribers resigned or failed to renew membership. The student branch disaffiliated. Strategic personnel withdrew. Budgets were slashed. The halls of the high command resounded with vituperation, while state after state rescinded resolutions in favor of world government. Today only 5 of the original 23 are still on record as favoring federalism, and in 1951 the World Federalist Resolution in Congress found only 16 supporters as compared to 117 the previous year. Nobody has bothered to re-introduce the resolution in the Senate.

Meanwhile, the frustrated federalists began to rend one another. Mr. Culbertson paid his respects to Professor Hutchins' World Constitution in these measured words: "I have read, in the course of my life, many scores of proposed constitutions of the world. I confess I have never read anything so childish and

at the same time so ferocious, so grimly utopian and yet so ominous, as this federal constitution for the world state."

An Atlantic Unionist, the late Robert Patterson, dismissed the UWF as having "half-baked notions of unity with dictators or enslaved states"; while his fellow Atlantic Unionist, Owen Roberts, stated that "world federalism is unattainable, so far as I can see, beyond your life and mine."

Toward their opposition the faltering federalists became pathological. Referring to the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other patriotic groups, Mr. Streit said: "American history has always known these puny patriots, these false Americans, who, having profited themselves from America's free principles, have sought to keep these for themselves alone."

A Mr. Stanley Weigel summed up for the world federalists by describing some of his opponents as "nationalists" — the worst cuss word the federalists know — and others as "axe grinders . . . frustrated individuals, inordinate egotists, stifled souls, venomously twisted . . . the spawn of a complex civilization beyond their comprehension . . . they can be cured neither by acts, logic, nor reason . . . and the more lawless of them must one day be brought to account before the bar of American justice."

(Here Mr. Weigel committed an unpardonable provincialism in referring to the bar of "American" rather than "world" justice — the bar to which such rascals as "nationalists" must one day hold themselves accountable.)

And thus the cause of *world* federation *now* — the movement to bring all the globe under one government within a generation — has expired. It was impaled, almost at birth, on the reality of Soviet intransigence. Its only remaining adherents in this country are in the crackpot category; therefore, it can be dismissed without question.

WHAT REMAINS, however, is a movement for *limited* federation *now*, with world government to come in that sweet by and by when Russian recalcitrance will have withered away. This movement, embodied in the Atlantic Union Committee, is supported by able men like Mr. Roberts, who is a former Supreme Court Justice, and Will Clayton, the Texas cotton broker and financier. Prominent presidential candidates such as Senator Estes Kefauver, and Governor Adlai Stevenson are also supporters. Therefore, it is this movement for *limited* federation *now* which requires examination by thoughtful Americans in 1952.

At the outset it should be understood that the Atlantic Unionists are nonetheless world federalists.

The difference is only in time and tactics. The Atlantic Unionists simply concede that Russia is neither qualified nor willing to join a world federation now, and this being so, we must federate the "free world" now and wait for Russian co-operation. This view is made clear in a statement by the Atlantic Union Committee: "The ultimate goal is not government of part of the world, however large or powerful or compatible that part might be. The goal is government of all the world."

This government would have supreme authority, as set forth by Mr. Roberts in his book, *The New Federalist*, in which he stated that there would arise, naturally, a world executive and a judiciary, with taxing power against individuals, a common currency, freedom of trade, and freedom of migration.

And the Atlantic Unionists can match any of the United World Federalists in optimism, as witness Mr. Clayton's belief that, having federated, the world would find that "Competition within this vast, rich, free market area would create within a few years the most efficient system of production and distribution that the world has ever known; the standard of living would rise; free enterprise would be strengthened; Communism would disappear; it would solve the dollar problem; it would give great new hope."

Therefore, questions concerning the desirability of world govern-

ment itself, as well as the expediency of Atlantic Union, can properly be addressed to Mr. Will Clayton or Senator Kefauver or any of the other adherents.

Since Russia will not join a world federation, how can Atlantic Union offer any prospects of Western disarmament? How can limited federation bring relief to our economies, overtaxed by mobilization, except by jeopardizing that same security that is the rationale of Atlantic Union to begin with? Isn't it a fact then that Atlantic Union could promise no military-economic relief?

Assuming that we federated with the Western nations, how could we go about mobilizing a more powerful force with which to protect the federation from Soviet attack? Our diplomats have tried to persuade the strategic nations of the proposed Atlantic Union — England, France, Western Germany, and Italy — to take more serious measures against the threat of Communism. A little has been accomplished, but not nearly enough to add up to security. Not one of these countries would enter a union which promised to force it to allocate more of its resources to rearmament than it is now allocating.

But suppose we did federate, and then the United States, in the Union's Parliament, tried to accelerate rearmament? We'd probably be outvoted, and the federation would force us to reduce our own rearma-

ment program and increase our non-military production for the other nations in the federation.

Militarily, it seems unlikely that an Atlantic Union could accomplish anything that cannot be accomplished by diplomacy between sovereign states. And there is the real danger that, once controlled by a union, the United States might be prevented from independently assessing the Soviet threat and mobilizing accordingly.

If the nations now allied with us in the Atlantic Treaty Organization are inclined to drag their feet and let America supply the arms and the armies — and there is no question that this is so — then, with Atlantic Union, wouldn't these nations be even more so inclined? And what could we as a nation do about it once we had "sacrificed sovereignty" to a union?

How would representation be worked out in an Atlantic Union? Inherent in the concept of surrendering an element of sovereignty is submission to the reality that it is possible to be outvoted. Therefore, regardless of whether representation were fixed according to population, or economic productivity, or rate of literacy, the United States could be outvoted on the strength and disposition of her military forces. This means that an Atlantic Union could enforce any decision its majority chose to enforce on a constituent nation, because that nation would have

lost its ultimate instrument of self-protection.

The federationists like to insist that Atlantic Union represents "a minimum surrender of sovereignty." But how can there be a "minimum surrender" if a free nation surrenders its control over the size and disposition of its own armed forces?

How can any written constitution, however it may try to limit the powers of the federal government, ever guarantee a constituent nation against oppression? First, there is the amendment process. None of the world federalists has insisted that amendment to the world constitution be made only with the concurrence of *every one* of the constituent nations. Hence, we must concede the possibility that the other nations could change the constitution over the objection of the United States. In fact, it is altogether likely that the first business of an Atlantic Union would be to pass amendments to share America's wealth. And bear this in mind: secession must be outlawed. No federation can grant the right of secession: if it does, it becomes only a United Nations.

CONSIDER our own national experience. The men who brought our federal government into being were afraid of it: they submitted to it only after reserving to the states all powers not specifically granted to the federal government. But what has happened? Our states, denied

the right of secession, are powerless to prevent the relentless march of the federal government. What evidence is there that a world government, notwithstanding similar "safeguards," would not evolve in the same way?

It is true that the surrender of a degree of sovereignty is the basis of all federations, including the one that made the United States possible. But the thirteen states — the favorite analogy of the federalist theorists — surrendered a degree of their sovereignty in 1789 in the hope of gaining *security* for their freedoms.

The world situation in 1952 hardly seems to be parallel. It is true that our own sovereignty is being threatened by the Soviet Union, but there is no indication that by surrendering a part of it, we could better defend ourselves against this threat. On the contrary, given the reluctance of the nations of Western Europe to defend themselves against Communism, it appears that by federating with them and losing our right of independent action, we might very well assure the destruction of Western culture.

It is true, as the unionists insist, that faster communications have brought the nations of the world closer together. But what about the forces which have been driving the nations farther apart? William Henry Chamberlin points out that "political and cultural barriers such as censorship and refusal of visas have

risen much faster than the speed of airplanes has increased. . . . It is not generally realized how much has been lost in the way of desirable internationalism by the disappearance or severe curtailment of three freedoms of the liberal nineteenth century. These were freedoms of movement — for men, for goods, and for capital.”

This is to say nothing of persistent differences between nations that cannot be lightly brushed aside. The thirteen colonies had ethnic kinships; a common language, traditions, and philosophies of life; a predominant religious belief; and common ideals of government.

These are not shared even by the free countries of the world. It is interesting to note that Sweden and Norway have never united. Belgium and the Netherlands, after experimenting with matrimony, latched on to the crowning joys of celibacy. The British Commonwealth has endured only because of the *complete sovereignty* of its participating member-nations. Even within the British Isles, there remain strong separatist instincts among the Irish and the Scots. During the last war, the sovereign, anti-fascist state of Canada was unable, because of realistic political considerations, to pass a law requiring overseas service of its *own* citizens because of its anti-war French minority.

What about the other advantages of federation? The “vast, rich, free

market areas” foreseen by Mr. Clayton? The “rising standards of living, the strengthening of free enterprise”? These would be brought about, the unionists contend, by the elimination of trade barriers.

It may be true that the entire world would benefit from an elimination of economic barriers. But only on one condition: that trade be carried on among individuals, not among governments. Free trade between a free enterprise nation and a socialist state is dangerous to freedom because the socialist state can subsidize its products and underprice free market production in any given field. How then can a free enterprise nation federate with a socialist nation?

THE FINAL THOUGHT is this: why should the free American citizen in 1952 be inclined to risk his freedom in a greater degree of federalism? Woodrow Wilson declared in 1912: “The history of liberty is the history of men’s efforts to restrain government.” Doesn’t the individual American of 1952 already have enough government to bedevil his life? Was there ever a time in human history when the free individual should be less disposed to surrender an element of his sovereignty?

The reason that the world federalists and the Atlantic Unionists are losing support is that they are running counter to the tides of 1952. Now is the time for Ameri-

cans, particularly the young, to make new terms with the federal government we already have; to prevent what was our fathers' servant from becoming our master; to redefine that which is personal, and

that which is local, and that which is federal.

Now is hardly the time when Americans should choose to entrust their inherited freedoms to some greater and nebulous federalism.

What Is a World Citizen?

» I am afraid the "world citizen" is like the purple cow. I have never seen one; I hardly hope to see one; and unless further convinced, I'd rather see than be one. . . .

What really cements peoples together is not a nation's statutes. These but reflect the civilization, the common way of life, the common state of consciousness and conscience. And a person can truly be a citizen of only a country and civilization he has made his own — as much a part of himself as his breathing.

But one cannot make oneself a consciously living part of all the nations and civilizations of mankind. No one can. International Communists, who originally tried to do so — to make themselves part of the mythical "world proletariat" — simply had to discover a substitute motherland, and found it in the Soviet Union.

To be specific and personal, I have the greatest sympathy for India and other Oriental countries, and readily acknowledge the greatness of their cultures. Nor do I claim any superiority for the West. For what seems to us to be superiorities are apparently balanced by some subtle law of compensation. But what I do know is that my consciousness is not Indian, or Hindu, or Chinese, and not all the sympathies I feel will make it so — any more than years of British education could make Mr. Nehru into an Englishman.

I do not want to Americanize other people, nor do I think it possible or desirable. The very fact that I recognize profound differences between the civilizations and states of consciousness of the world makes me the opposite of an imperialist, however much imperialism may be dressed up in the garments of uplift and altruism. . . . Precisely because I love my country I appreciate the love of others for their countries. Precisely because I regard my country as my primary allegiance I expect others to give their primary allegiances to their countries. I do not have to share their love for and allegiance to their particular object. But I am compelled to respect it, and to await respect in return.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, 1951

In Our Readers' Opinion

» The article in the April issue of your magazine entitled "Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson," by Felix Wittmer, was what I had been hoping someone would write in order to acquaint the American public with the perfidy for which the State Department and our Secretary of State are responsible. This article has been under discussion in the group with which I work. However, the adage "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still" could be applied to many who believe only what they WISH to believe. The opposition in this group says that it is political propaganda, and they ask "Who is this Felix Wittmer?" I would like to know something about Mr. Wittmer so that I can satisfy their interest and answer their questions.

HELEN E. DENNIS
PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Dr. Wittmer, professor of history and literature, received his Ph.D. at the University of Munich in 1924. He divided the next ten years between Europe, where he lectured and wrote for French and German newspapers, and America, where he taught first at the University of Illinois, then at Washington and Jefferson. Early in 1933, following a lecture in Germany in which he had denounced totalitarian dictatorship, he was attacked by the Nazis, seriously injured, was compelled to go into hiding and flee the country. In 1934 he settled permanently in the United States, joining the staff of Montclair State Teachers College, where he remained until August, 1951. He is now engaged in research studies, and in writing and lecturing. He recently received the Award and Medal of the Freedom Foundation of Valley Forge for his article, "Communist Tactics in the Lecture Hall," which appeared in the National Republic. — ED.

» I have just finished reading Mr. Wittmer's article, "Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson," and feel that it is of such immediate importance that it deserves the

widest possible circulation so that action will be forced upon the President prior to the November election. Mr. Wittmer, in closing his article, hopes that correction will be made on November 4, the time of our next Presidential election. I feel that it is extremely important that action be forced immediately rather than delaying for this unnecessary length of time.

PAUL FAHNING
WATERVILLE, MINNESOTA

» Your soliloquy on Mao Tse-tung (April, 1952) is one of the most compelling prose writings I have ever come across. It carries you through like an ocean current until you reach the breath-taking end.

MARGARET LEA MCINTOSH
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI

» I hope that you and your readers will not accept the superficial article ("Defrosting Canadian Culture," March, 1952) by Marshall MacLuhan as the last word on the subject of Canadian Culture. Likewise I hope you will discount most of the opinion expressed by our "representatives" at the U.N. or by the Department of External Affairs or by the C.B.C. as well as a great many of our newspapers. None of these groups have any real connection with the Canadian People who for the most part are constantly embarrassed by their statements and actions.

Time and time again we have taken up arms and opposed all of the four main Revolutions of our time, i.e., the English, the French, the American and the Russian. When the English Revolutionary forces lead by General Wolfe finally took Quebec, their efforts to establish their ideas in Canada were largely cancelled by the Quebec Act. When the American Revolutionary forces tried to take Canada they were opposed by both Upper and Lower Canada. Similarly the French Canadians rejected the French Revolutionary Ideas and finally in our own time the Canadian People have rejected the ideas of the Russian Revolution.

We here in Canada are not bound by any false tradition nor are we ashamed to publicly renounce the Revolution

and all its works. But you will not discover this if you listen to the Pearsons, the Wilgresses, the Massies, the Chisholms or the dull witted commentators on the C.B.C.

EDWARD O'BRIEN
TORONTO, CANADA

» I have been a reader of *THE MERCURY* ever since its first issue in the new format, and a regular reader at that. I have found much of value and enjoyment in its pages, and also some displeasure. But I must say that one of the most interesting pieces was your "But Who Does Ike Like?" (March, 1952)

For some time I have been vaguely troubled by that very question, and also the question of what Ike likes, not to mention what Ike is like. I know this much, Ike is a hell of a swell guy, and he's just as common as me or you. But I don't like people who are just as common as me or you. I want the President of my country to have a great deal more wisdom and ability than I possess.

IVAN LUCH
CONWAY, ARKANSAS

» Permit me to say your magazine is rapidly racing up to a foremost place in the field. In one respect it is unique: it's the one you don't dare miss.

JAMES M. CAIN
HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

» Although I am ashamed to admit it, I have lived the first twenty years of my life in abysmal ignorance! Until two months ago I was not aware that *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* existed. I am grateful to a friend who urged me to read "The Apotheosis of Acheson and Marshall" in the February issue.

THE MERCURY is, I feel, of special value to us members of the younger generation. There are so many worthless publications on the market these days that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find one which adheres to a policy of sane analysis.

We of the younger generation are often criticized for our immaturity, our seeming indifference to the welfare

of the nation. The truth is, sir, that we are quite alarmed about the state of the union. What is more, we are amazed at the gullibility of a large number of our elders. While certain of our leaders have succeeded in selling the American public a bill of goods which they call "liberalism," we have looked on with contempt at its results. It is even more appalling that they link this brand of liberalism with intellectualism. A true intellectual, by definition, cannot be a part of any form of government which is completely devoid of logic.

JACK C. HARPER
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

» I am writing this in reply to the article you allowed to be published concerning that "outstanding pseudo-American citizen" who now lives in Mexico ("Exodus to Mexico," March, 1952), because her "American" dollar goes further.

I feel that our country is better off without such people. They are the beginning of a cancerous legion, and one of the cures of cancer is to find it early and excise it, so as not to give it the chance to metastasize, so once again I repeat, "Good riddance." If they haven't the will to fight for what they feel is right and just, not only in our government, but for a better American way of life, they do not deserve their citizenship.

CAPT. J. WEISS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

» Where did you get the idea we were indifferent to our taxes? [See "Will Taxes Make Liars of Us All" in our March issue.] I'll probably pay up this year, but from here on I shall work part time. If I had one tenth of the courage we demand of our men in Korea I would refuse to pay. I would only lose my property and my salary. They lose their lives. A U.S. tax rebellion would probably hurt the Communists more than anything else we could do. Russia's worst enemy is a prosperous solvent United States. That is why they are so complacent about the billions and arms we are pouring into Europe.

MRS. HELEN BUCKWALTER
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

C É Z A N N E

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MODERN PAINTING is franker in color, as a rule, than the work of the Old Masters. It is also flatter, that is, it shows us much less of an illusion of three-dimensional space. This, and not fantasy or wildness of imagination, is the fundamental factor in its refusal to copy nature as we ordinarily see it.

The Old Masters saw objects sculpturally more or less, as standing

free in space. The moderns, when they address themselves at all to recognizable objects, see them as interwoven with or emerging from the flat physical surface of the picture—in something of the same way as in Oriental, medieval, and primitive painting.

As a general practice, painters from the late fifteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century covered their canvases and panels with a greater proportion of dark or shaded than of light or bright color. This was so even when the picture seemed to make a predominantly bright impression (which was often due to the high translucency of the color). And they almost always avoided sharp contrasts in passing from one color area to the next; they graded and softened transitions, as they also did all large areas of a single color. This was done to make the color effect harmonious; but

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*Cézanne, the great nineteenth-century French painter of Aix-en-Provence, has often been called the founding father of modern art. Here a noted art critic, following the recent great international exhibition of Cézanne's work in Chicago and New York, gets down to the rock bottom of the paintings themselves to see if this is so. It is so, he finds, but he also finds that Cézanne is like the Old Masters, too. This close study of a pivotal painter will help to dissipate the mystery that modern art is unfortunately supposed to be.*

just as much, and even more, to prevent any part of the picture from looking too utterly flat and thus breaking the illusion of deep space by reminding us that the picture actually did have an utterly flat physical surface.

Edouard Manet (1832-1883) was the first painter in our tradition to flatten foreground and middleground objects systematically, and bring the background forward to lock their outlines in by sharp color contrasts. This worked to suppress the illusion of free space inside the picture. Furthermore, he occasionally gave light, crude color the upper hand over dark and shaded tones, and even when he let black and gray predominate, as he liked to do, they acted as flat, independent colors rather than as shadow, shading, or gradation. Because Manet's pictures looked so flat by contrast with anything preceding, he was accused by his contemporaries in France of painting "playing cards."

The Impressionists — Claude Monet (1840-1926), Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919), Camille Pissarro (1830-1902), Alfred Sisley (1839-1899), Edgar Degas (1834-1917) — began as disciples of Manet. Manet, though painting mostly indoors, had abandoned the studio lighting of the Old Masters and let light control and determine shadow rather than the other way around. This the Impressionists took as their cue. They made light, or luminosity,

their most immediate aesthetic aim, and went out of doors with a vengeance. There they heightened their palettes, giving up black and brown almost entirely, and tried to tell the truth about nature in terms of light and its colored refractions and reflections alone. The Old Masters had painted with highlights, quarter, half, and full shadows and shading; but there are no highlights in the open, and only relatively small and definite shadows, in even the deepest of which the Impressionists could perceive variegated color. Gone from their pictures was that diffused, massed shadow which hovers behind everything indoors, and which enclosed and modelled forms for the Old Masters as well as produced the opposition of highlight and deep shading. The Impressionists came to see all shapes as functions of comparatively pure color, with surfaces defined without the help of dark and light tones (or "values"), but only by variations of reflected light. Since the illusion of solid, three-dimensional form depends largely on dark and light shading, the increasing absence of this from the Impressionist picture induced an appearance of flatness, a floating, cottony, ambiguous flatness, different from Manet's, that gave the illusion of depth only in the form of an "aerial" or "atmospheric perspective" attained by hazy blues, violets, purples, and tinted grays. People complained,

for the most part wrongly, that the paintings of the Impressionists lacked form and solidity.

OF PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906) it is often said that he remedied this lack — which is another error, in my opinion. But it can at least be said that he made the relative flatness of the Impressionist picture a solid and more powerful one.

It was lucky for Cézanne that his father was rich enough to support him and then leave him a small fortune. For the difficult and involuntary originality of his art deprived him of any hope of earning a living by selling his work, and he was incapable of adapting himself to anybody else's taste. Moreover, he had poor control of his emotions, which caused him trouble in his relations with people, and finally turned him into an eccentric. Yet he was an intelligent man, in painting and out of it — and well aware of what he was doing when he gave himself out as uncouth and unwashed to elegant people like Manet. It was his way of declaring how much he felt set apart from the rest of the world by his inability to cope with it economically, socially, or even artistically.

At bottom Cézanne was an Impressionist always, and he learned painting from the Impressionists, though he did not belong to their orthodoxy. For various reasons, however — among them the failure of

his exhibited works to gain anything better than ridicule from the art public in Paris — he decided in his thirties to go back to his native Provence and try to solve the problems of his art in isolation. But it was only a relative isolation: he still went to Paris for several weeks or months every year to see the Old Masters in the Louvre and the shows of contemporaries; and from time to time he would visit and be visited by fellow-painters. (For in painting and sculpture it is very difficult to produce ambitious work without the stimulation and pressure that are only to be gotten from fellow-workers; which is why these arts, since the Middle Ages, have always revolved around large urban centers.)

Cézanne's aim was to carry over the frank, liberated color of the Impressionists into pictures that would be as firmly and lucidly put together as those of an Old Master like Raphael or Poussin. He would use the color method of the Impressionists to show the surfaces of things not as mere catchers and reflectors of light, but as enclosing masses and volumes and stopping the flow of empty space. Then the picture would look more compact and monumental than the blurred, melting rectangle of the Impressionists (which had a virtue of its own, nonetheless); its parts would be fitted together more tightly, interlocked like those of a watch's

mechanism. The Impressionists had crosshatched or juxtaposed little dabs of pure color to get their effects; Cézanne got his with loose rows of squarish, more regular brush strokes, each of which by its difference in color (not necessarily pure or uniform) indicated a change of direction or plane in the surface of the object shown. He followed the Impressionists, however, in concentrating on the main masses and shapes of the theme from which he painted, to the neglect of minor and "realistic" details. But whereas in the Impressionist case these were obliterated by the play of daylight, in his they were erased solely in order to make the relations of planes clearer. Cézanne, once he found his final path, had lost interest in light effects.

The outcome for him was a paradox that has invited misinterpretation. He painted some very great pictures, of a monumentality and a radiance of paint substance without parallel; and it is true that these conveyed an impression of greater depth, weight, and mass than the pictures of the Impressionists. Yet in another sense they looked even flatter. His strongly marked and uniform brush stroke called attention to the physical surface of the canvas; his preference for direct frontal views and his way of changing the outlines and positions of objects, so that they were tipped up, with an unnaturally high horizon

line, and presented a broader and simpler set of planes to the eye, tended to close up the illusion of free space and push everything forward; furthermore, he made his backgrounds just as emphatic as the objects in the foreground. Last but not least, he suppressed shadows and dark and light shading just as much in his way as the Impressionists had in theirs, feeling that shadows obscured the essential forms of objects and the logic of their relations in space, while shading dulled the natural and desirable liveliness of color. Cézanne did try to shade, much more than the Impressionists did, but with "natural," frank color; yet the very freshness and warmth of this color tended to negate its purpose. It was supposed to show planes that receded, but light, bright, or "warm" colors give the effect of coming forward. Cézanne tried to counteract this and resolve the contradiction by digging around the contours of objects — which represent their furthest points of recession from the eye — with deep blue lines, blue being a "cool" or receding color. But the contradiction, or ambiguity, was only heightened thereby — happily, I feel, for this ambiguity is precisely one of the largest sources of pleasure in his art. Herein lay its solid flatness, or flat solidity, and it was from this that Picasso and Braque, as Cubists, took their point of departure in 1908, shortly after Cézanne's death, and

went on to produce what is still the greatest painting of the two or three generations since.

**B**UT IF CÉZANNE was so interested in the essential, abiding aspects of nature, why did he alter or distort? Because, fundamentally, there are two main factors in the artist's attempt to capture on a two-dimensional surface his vision of the three-dimensional world we move and live in. First, there is the illusion itself, or representation, of that world, which is situated within the space that seems to lie below the actual flat surface of the picture; then there is the pattern or design made on the surface itself — which the artist sees when he squints his eyes to judge his own or other artists' pictures. In all successful painting some attention and care are paid to this last, but the Old Masters were more absorbed by the first and made every effort, as I have already said, to prevent the spectator's eye from resting too long on the surface. Manet, however, and then Cézanne began, unconsciously for the most part, to shift the emphasis precisely there (where abstract painting has put it almost entirely), and when Cézanne altered contours and proportions in an unrealistic manner, it was largely because he felt so strongly the need to enhance the unity and decorative force of the surface design that

he let himself sacrifice the realism of the illusion to it. It was certainly not because he could not draw well enough.

This concern with surface pattern was, of course, part of a tendency to flatness in painting (the unconscious motives of which have yet to be explored) that goes back to Manet, and, perhaps, Ingres. Matisse and the Fauves, the Expressionists and the Cubists, all took up where Cézanne — and Gauguin and Van Gogh — had left off, and the final result has been abstract painting, which is the flattest pictorial art we have ever seen in the West.

Those fortunate enough to have visited the large international exhibition of Cézanne's oils, water colors, and drawings that was installed through February and March of this year at the Art Institute in Chicago, and through April and much of May at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, must surely have recognized the source of many things they had already seen in later painting. Some of the late landscapes — which I feel to be the culmination of Cézanne's art — are certainly as striking and as "extreme" as a good deal of our best contemporary work. For this and other reasons there is no better way for anyone who wants to learn to enjoy — not "understand" — modern art than to apply himself to the pictures of the master from Aix.

# FILM

Robert Warshow

## *Father and Son— and the FBI*

MANY AMERICANS find themselves baffled and exasperated by that “anti-anti-Communism” which sees in over-vigorous efforts to expose the Communist menace a growing threat to American freedom no less dangerous than Communism itself. Their bewilderment is understandable, for such an equation is clearly absurd and too often conceals a desire to remain “neutral” in the struggle against Soviet totalitarianism. But the fear of an irresponsible anti-Communism does not come entirely out of thin air; there *is* a wrong way, a dangerous way, to be anti-Communist. Those

*Robert Warshow, who has written frequently on films and literary subjects, is an associate editor of Commentary and has contributed to various other magazines.*

who do not believe this may find it illuminating to see Leo McCarey's new film, *My Son John*, an attack on Communism and an affirmation of “Americanism” that might legitimately alarm any thoughtful American, whether liberal or conservative.

The film opens on a “typical” American town of the kind that certain Hollywood directors could probably construct with their eyes shut: a still, tree-lined street, undistinguished frame houses surrounded by modest areas of grass, a few automobiles. For certain purposes it is assumed that all “real” Americans live in towns like this, and, so great is the power of myth, even the born city-dweller is likely to believe vaguely that he too lives on this shady pleasant street, or

comes from it, or is going to it. Church bells are ringing, and a "typical" American family — named Jefferson, in fact — is preparing to go to church. Two sons of the family, in army uniforms, stand before the house with their father, tossing a football back and forth; the mother is late in getting ready, and there is a good deal of "healthy" kidding about this. She comes out at last — a worn, tense woman, considerably out of key with her robust husband and sons, but playing up to their image of her — and the family drives off. It is the last day of the boys' leave, and they will soon be off to Korea; under the emotional weight of this fact, the Jeffersons behave as if they are carrying out some formal ritual of affirmation, trying to pack into every speech and gesture some complete statement of what they are and what they believe, very much like one of those advertisements in which some large corporation attempts with half a page of mawkish copy to set down "as a public service" the meaning of America. The mother in particular is treated as if she were the American flag or a familiar passage from the Declaration of Independence, ostentatiously *not* accorded any deference precisely because she is valued so profoundly and completely.

We learn soon that there hangs over this American family a shadow more menacing than the

Korean War. The eldest son, John, a brilliant and rising young government official (already one's suspicions are aroused), has failed to get home to say good-bye to his brothers. When he does appear on the scene after they have left, he is a figure to fill any ordinary human being, let alone any red-blooded American, with loathing: pompous, supercilious, as sleek and unfeeling as a cat, coldly contemptuous of his father, patronizing to his mother; also, though nothing is said of this, one feels that he might be a homosexual. In fact, as will eventually be revealed, he is a Communist and a traitor, but at first there are only his father's truculent suspicions and his mother's half-acknowledged fears. Here, it may be said, the film does for a time present a "typical" American drama that is also something more than "typical" — it is real. Nothing is more characteristic of our fluid society than the process by which children so often become alienated from their parents, going beyond them in education and social status until the parents, who may have made great sacrifices to accomplish precisely this result, find themselves excluded from the triumph they have prepared, obliged to content themselves with taking a generalized pride in a child whose achievements they are perhaps not even equipped to understand.

This situation, agonizing for both parent and child, has the elements



of tragedy, for it is full of guilt, and yet no one is to blame. But if this conflict of generations is to become the material of serious drama, the eye that sees it must retain a certain compassionate detachment and not itself be subject to the hallucinations that afflict the contending parties. In *My Son John*, the conflict is presented so naked and intense that it takes on the quality of a nightmare. Against the monstrous son — Robert Walker's characterization is essentially the same as in *Strangers on a Train*, where he played the role of a pathological murderer — there is set a father no less monstrous, a pillar of the American Legion presented as so outrageously bigoted, so hopelessly benighted, that one fails to understand why the Legion has not organized a boycott of the film, unless it be out of a truly selfless concern for freedom of expression. This father is principal of the local elementary school, where, as he informs us, he is engaged in teaching little children the "simple, down to earth" fundamentals of morality and Americanism. He has also been making a serious study of the problem of Communism, and he expresses his understanding of that problem in a song that is worth quoting in full:

*If you don't like your Uncle Sammy  
Then go back to your home o'er the sea,  
To the land from where you came,*

*Whatever be its name,  
But don't be ungrateful to me!  
If you don't like the stars in old glory,  
If you don't like the red, white, and blue,  
Then don't act like the cur in the story,  
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you!*

The son responds to this piece of folk poetry with icy-delicate feline mockery — a beautiful bit of acting — creating an almost heroic tension and raising for a short time the hope that out of the unalleviated enmity between father and son, overstylized though it may be, will come some serious dramatic examination of the way each blind intolerance feeds on its opposite and is mirrored in it. One suspects, even, that just such a counterpoint was for a while intended by the makers of the film.

But if they had such an intention, they found themselves unable to sustain it. For between the struggling titans of unreason there is only the suffering mother, drawn out almost transparently thin by the pull of the contending forces — in most ways a psychologically true portrait, though presented by Helen Hayes with a mad jerky passion that affects one like a prolonged scratching on taut silk, but not at all the figure that is needed to make sense of the complex issues. For her there is no understanding, but only pain, and when the dreadful truth about her favorite son is no longer to be denied, she can do nothing but sink back definitively into the arms of

her husband: since he was right about this, it follows that he has been right about everything. Farewell to the mistaken values that made her send her son to college, farewell to the risks of intellectual curiosity and broad humanitarianism and individual thinking: these things made her son a Communist spy, whereas her husband, who despised such things, is an anti-Communist; in her husband's stupidity will be her peace.

For in the end we are left in no doubt: what is being upheld is, precisely, stupidity. All through the film no effort is spared to emphasize the limitations of the father's thinking and his hatred and contempt for the mind; this image of him is built up deliberately and with considerable skill. I have already quoted the father's most sustained expression of political doctrine. He also — this educator! — refers to Communists as "scummies." He makes a big show of being unable to remember the name of his son's beloved professor (something "foreign," no doubt), spits when he witnesses an affectionate greeting between the two, and worries about his son's falling into the company of "those intellectuals I've read about." In one of the climactic episodes, exasperated by the son's cool superiority, he hits him with a Bible and then goes out to get drunk, returning late at night to mouth some more of his "simple, down to earth" ideas

while he can hardly stand up. And all this we are to regard, not as an excusable want of intelligence, but as a higher form of wisdom; we are to admire the father for his sincerity and his faith — qualities, it is implied, which are inseparable from muddleheadedness and incoherence, which indeed *equal* muddleheadedness and incoherence, just as in those "public service" advertisements about America the special virtues of our tradition turn out to reside less in the ideas the ads set forth than in the disjointed stammer which the copy writer conceives to be the natural accent of the man in the street. "You've got more wisdom than all of us," Lucille Jefferson says to her husband, "because you listen to your heart." It is clear that listening to your heart means not using your head. And John Jefferson, after he has repented of his crimes (for no apparent reason) and been murdered by his former comrades, explains in a recorded posthumous confession that corruption first entered his soul when he began to respond to ideas and think for himself, forsaking "the only authorities I ever knew — my church and my father and mother." At the time of this confession, John is about thirty years old; we have seen what the "authority" of his parents amounts to. Besides, though this may be blasphemy, there are fathers — yes, and mothers too — who are Communists.

But John has spoken also of the authority of his church. This brings us to one of the most important and most disturbing elements of the movies. The Jeffersons are Roman Catholics, and Leo McCarey has before this been quite successful with what might be called "popularizations" of Catholicism, most notably in *Going My Way*. But if, as I have suggested, a thoughtful member of the American Legion might take little comfort in this film's "Americanism," a thoughtful Catholic might likewise find good reason to be disturbed at its Catholicism. Indeed, though some sections of the Catholic press welcomed the film, at least two leading Catholic periodicals, *America* and *Commonweal*, have criticized it severely.

The main thing to be said is that religion exists in this film only as a form of window-dressing, an essentially empty symbol to be counterposed occasionally to the symbols of Communism. Just as the elder Jefferson uses the family Bible to hit his son when he feels frustrated in argument, so the idea "religion" is used throughout the film as a kind of blunt instrument to settle every difficulty without resolving it. The film opens with the ringing of church bells, and it ends with John Jefferson's parents going into a chapel to pray for their dead son. But these elements are never realized in cinematic terms; they are

presented so perfunctorily, so much as a matter of mere ideological decoration, that they have no strength as screen images — and, of course, in a movie it is not the intrinsic worth of an idea that counts, but the power with which it is made into an image; in the movie theater, we think with our eyes.

There is also a priest, played by Frank McHugh, but he is presented as an ineffectual and slightly comic figure, bustling about occasionally in the background on parish affairs but never permitted to enter the action. This treatment of him may have been quite deliberate, designed to make him harmlessly appealing to non-Catholic audiences (like the foxy-grandpa priest played by Barry Fitzgerald in *Going My Way*, or the boys' counselor type played by Bing Crosby). But the result is that the moral authority of the church, to which the film finally appeals, simply does not show. One cannot imagine going to Frank McHugh for help with a serious problem, and in fact the elder Jeffersons never think of discussing their difficulties with him. He exists merely as one of the film's "properties," like the car or the house. At the same time, as Nathan Glick has remarked in a review of the film in *Commentary*, the function of the priest is taken over by an agent of the FBI. It is he who gently and lovingly brings Lucille Jefferson to an understand-

ing of the situation and leads her to see her moral duty; it is he who urges upon John Jefferson the release of confession; it is he who pronounces what is in effect John's funeral oration. And where the priest is fussy, shallowly cheerful, a little shrill, the FBI man is dignified, serious, warm, full of understanding and wisdom — in short, a figure of profound moral authority, a priest, one might say, of the secular law. Perhaps I need not labor the significance of this transfer of the priestly function to a police agency, but it should be remarked that one of the signal virtues of the real FBI has been its refusal to assume such a role.

FINALLY, there is an element of falsity in the film's whole conception of Communism that deserves some mention. It is true, as we know, that the Communists are members of a conspiracy, and that this conspiracy is ready to employ almost any means to achieve its ends. But the conspiracy is a political one, its characteristic crimes are political, and its characteristic weapon, in the United States at this time, is much more often a mimeograph machine than a gun. When John Jefferson is killed by a burst of gunfire from a long black sedan, the event may not in itself be impossible, but as an image on the screen it falls too easily into a familiar pattern, the pattern of the gangster film. It is easy to see why a

movie director would be tempted to follow that pattern, but it impedes understanding. Communists are not like gangsters; they are usually more complex and their lives are much duller. In their own way, they are often the epitome of stodgy respectability (think of Alger Hiss, for instance). The melodrama — it is true, there *is* a melodrama — is buried deep below the surface, perhaps too deep to be brought up where it can be photographed.

With the character of John Jefferson himself, perhaps, one does occasionally get a sense of that depth: in his monumental self-satisfaction, in his way of using certain opinions and attitudes like dead mechanical counters in his secret game of "history," testifying to the frozen rigidity of his mind and spirit. But one essential element is lacking: the subterranean fire of fanaticism. Without that, one cannot wholeheartedly believe in John Jefferson as an adequate representation of the Communist; it is as if he had picked up his Communism as another man might pick up a love of chamber music, simply as part of his cultural furniture (there are such Communists, of course, but they do not become spies). The fact is that Leo McCarey is not enough of an artist to imagine why anyone might become a Communist, what inner needs of the personality might be served. Of course he is not alone in this failure: even the explanations

of ex-Communists are curiously inadequate. But the result is that he must fall back on easy clichés — for example, that Communism comes from “substituting faith in man for faith in God” — and thus, though he succeeds in making John Jefferson the most interesting figure in the movie, the character remains finally fragmentary and unrealized. Perhaps this may account in part for

the unrelieved violence of the doctrine that this film expounds. The hidden logic seems to be: since we cannot understand Communism, it is likely that anything we cannot understand is Communism. The strongest and clearest image that one takes away from the film is that of the father, and his message is that we must fear and hate the best potentialities of the human mind.

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### ***Stars and Actresses***

» A movie star is not an actress in the movies. She is a person with a minimum of dramatic ability whose face expresses, symbolizes, incarnates a collective instinct; Marlene Dietrich is not an actress like Sarah Bernhardt, but a myth like Phyrne. The Greeks dowered their instincts with vague biographies; modern men likewise invent story after story to express their instincts, just as the creators of myths successively invented the seven labors of Hercules.

So much is this so that the stars are obscurely aware of the myths they incarnate and insist on having scenarios that perpetuate them. The public, because of the big screen, knows the star as it never knows the actor on the stage. The artistic development of the former moves in the opposite direction from that of the latter: a great actress is someone who can portray a large number of different roles; a star is someone who can call forth a large number of scenarios expressing the one myth she incarnates.

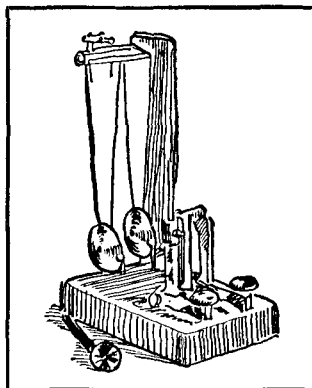
Formerly in the pantomimes one found the same stock characters drawn from the *commedia dell' arte* going through countless different adventures. The movie fan knows very well that, in spite of the scenario's attempt to individualize characters, the person of the actor dominates everything: in the same way one used to see Pierrot the thief, Pierrot the gallows bird, Pierrot the drunkard and Pierrot the lover; now one goes to see Garbo the queen and Garbo the courtesan, Marlene the tart and Marlene the spy, Stroheim in Gibraltar, Stroheim in Belgrade and Stroheim in the war, Gabin in the Foreign Legion and Gabin working on the railroad.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX, *in* INTELLIGENCE DU CINÉMATOGRAPHE,  
edited by Marcel L'Herbier, Éditions Corrèa, Paris 1946.

# Opinions

from

## the Chronoscope



*From the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions. The program is televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time by CBS (Channel 2). William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY'S editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which feature leading national and international figures, with a guest editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or sponsor.*

**SEN. STYLES BRIDGES**  
(Rep.—New Hampshire)

**SEN. RICHARD B. RUSSELL**  
(Dem.—Georgia)

**SEN. ESTES KEFAUVER**  
(Dem.—Tennessee)

**THE HON. EARL WARREN**  
(Governor—California)

**SEN. FRED SEATON**  
(Rep.—Nebraska)

### **Senator Bridges on the Seizure of the Steel Mills**

MR. HUIE: Senator Bridges, our Chronoscope audience is tremendously interested in all the furore over the President's seizure of the steel mills. Now, is this an unprecedented action on the part of the President?

SENATOR BRIDGES: Well, Mr. Huie, I have been in the Senate some sixteen years, and I would say that there has been a greater revulsion on this from the country in the last few days than on any issue since I've been in the Senate except the court packing scheme of President Roosevelt and the re-

moval of General Douglas MacArthur by President Truman. I think both of those issues created a greater comeback from the country, but certainly the seizure of the steel mills in this unprecedented action comes next.

MR. HUIE: As a veteran of the Senate, do you feel that a grave constitutional issue is involved?

SENATOR BRIDGES: I do, and I'll tell you why. Always before when we've had private property seized by the President of the United States, it's been based on some statutory authority, some basis of law. This is the first time the President has ever taken such a step when we haven't had on the statute books a specific law to which he attributed his action.

MR. EDGAR BAKER: What were the practical alternatives, Senator? Was there another course the President could have followed?

SENATOR BRIDGES: Yes, he certainly could have invoked the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. But as you know, Mr. Baker, he has so used the Taft-Hartley Act as a whipping boy for a period of years that I suppose he hesitated to use it in this instance. But he could have invoked the Taft-Hartley Act, which would have brought on a further stay of eighty days, and then he could have taken steps by asking the Attorney General of the United States to bring an injunction in

the courts against the strike, and then of course the Taft-Hartley Act and other legislation provide for his coming to Congress for recourse action.

MR. BAKER: Now that the President has in effect passed the ball back to Congress, what action would you expect to be forthcoming from Capitol Hill?

SENATOR BRIDGES: I think first it should be examined very carefully by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate — which is the legal committee of the Senate, and this certainly is a legal, constitutional question. The issues involved in the strike itself are a side issue. The fundamental basic issue is the President of the United States assuming dictatorial powers and seizing a great industry.

MR. HUIE: You think, sir, that the constitutional issue is overriding and must be decided first, at least, before we decide who's right and who's wrong in this labor controversy.

SENATOR BRIDGES: Yes. Of course what may happen is that they reach a decision on these incidental issues which are the wages, the hours, the union shop, the closed shop and so on in the strike.

MR. BAKER: But the great issue would still remain.

SENATOR BRIDGES: The great issue is still remaining evaded. Now if the President of the United

States can seize the steel mills, he can also by the same theory seize cattle on the farms and the ranches, he can seize the poultry in the poultry houses of the farms, he can seize private property anywhere. Because, if you remember, when he took this stand and issued this order he said, I am taking this stand by virtue of my authority vested in me by the constitution and the laws of the United States and as President of the United States and Commander of the Armed Services. He didn't list any specific law or any definite law. It was a very general broad statement that he made which was an overriding issue.

MR. HUIE: So you are saying, sir, that this is not an ordinary capital-versus-labor, or management-versus-labor controversy.

SENATOR BRIDGES: It is very definitely more than that. When, for instance, the President seized the coal mines during the war, he seized them under a definite statute which was the Smith-Connally Act. When he seized the railroads, he seized them under the Railroad Act of 1916, and so on. And when he seized the Montgomery Ward plant, he seized it based upon the Conscription Act, so called. Now, we have none of those on the statute books. We have no law on the statute books. So he is assuming

some inherent powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and, to be consistent, what he should have done instead of putting the Secretary of Commerce in charge of the steel mills, if he assumed them as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, is to have put the Secretary of Defense in.

MR. BAKER: Are there no powers the President can use in a situation of this nature, where the national defense may be in danger?

SENATOR BRIDGES: Surely. We have the Taft-Hartley Act, as I said, with an eighty days' waiting period. He could have advised the Attorney General to bring injunctions in the courts, and then it [the Taft-Hartley Act] specifically says that he shall make a report to Congress for action by the Congress and ask for definite authority. There were plenty of things for him to do.

MR. HUIE: Well, now, sir, this is a political year, and so what are the political implications here? Specifically, as a practical politician, do you think that this was smart politics for the President?

SENATOR BRIDGES: I don't know. I somewhat question that if the President was going to run again he would have done it. But he's apparently not a candidate. May I point out also that he was handicapped by the fact that he's con-



ducted this fiction of a non-war in Korea. He says this is a police action. I think that we are at war in Korea. But the President has avoided that issue, so he couldn't resort to the fact that we are in a great war. He's had to assume some powers which are somewhat unknown.

MR. HUIE: Do you think this business is an overriding issue? I mean, do you think that the American public should be gravely concerned. In short, is this a step along the road toward a possible dictatorship? Is it that serious?

SENATOR BRIDGES: Yes. I don't believe that we are on the road to dictatorship here yet. But I say that we could be starting on the road. Now we are afraid of socialism. Yet there is no socialist country that has seized, by order of the ruling power, mills. For instance, when they go to nationalize the steel mills in Great Britain, they proceed in an orderly manner according to the law of the land.

MR. HUIE: Would you say that this is a step toward possible nationalization of the steel industry?

SENATOR BRIDGES: It could be. I hope not, but it could be.

MR. BAKER: But, the final power to prevent that rests with the Congress, doesn't it?

SENATOR BRIDGES: Yes. It should rest, Mr. Baker, with the courts. And if we have independent free

courts as I hope we have in some instances, certainly, it might be in the courts. But in any case the final resort would be the balancing according to our constitution of the legislative against the executive.

### **Senator Russell on the Steel Mills Seizure and FEPC**

MR. HUIE: Senator, our audience would like to know just where you stand in the political spectrum. Are you a New Dealer, sir?

SENATOR RUSSELL: Well, I call myself a middle-of-the-roader, Mr. Huie. One of my newspaper friends once labeled me as a sixty per cent New Dealer during the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

MR. PAUL MARTIN: I believe that you said, Senator, when you announced for the Presidency, that you were a Jeffersonian Democrat. Now we haven't heard much about that lately. Can you tell us what a Jeffersonian Democrat is?

SENATOR RUSSELL: It's surprising to me that so few people apparently recall what Jefferson stood for, his fundamental principles. Of course, he is the father of the Democratic Party. He and Andrew Jackson are our patron saints. Jefferson stood for the rights of the states as being protection of the rights of the individual against encroachment by the federal power. He also stood

for absolute incorruptibility in the administration of government.

MR. MARTIN: Well, Senator Russell, we haven't had much of what he stood for in the Democratic national platform in the last twenty years, have we?

SENATOR RUSSELL: We have wandered rather far from the fundamental principles of Jefferson. But I think there are millions of Democrats throughout the country that still adhere to the Jeffersonian principles. I think they live in every state in the union.

MR. HUIE: You've been in Congress almost twenty years.

SENATOR RUSSELL: That's true. And I served as governor of my state before that.

MR. HUIE: Now, in general, did you support most of the New Deal legislation under President Roosevelt?

SENATOR RUSSELL: I supported very vigorously part of his program — the rural education program, the farm program, and a large number of the measures that Mr. Roosevelt advocated.

MR. HUIE: And the South has generally prospered under that legislation, has it not?

SENATOR RUSSELL: Yes. I think the prosperity of the South has increased greatly in the last twenty years.

MR. MARTIN: On your definition of a Jeffersonian Democrat you would

have to have a considerable revision of, say, the 1948 Democratic National Platform, or you couldn't be an honest exponent of the party for President.

SENATOR RUSSELL: There are some features of the 1948 platform that I think are contrary to Jeffersonian principles. Not all of that platform was. The Democratic Party has always been the party of the people, and the party of individual rights and liberties, and the party that stood for the rights of the states.

MR. MARTIN: Let's take something in practice. We have a Democratic President in the White House and we have had for about twenty years. Now, if you were President, Senator Russell, would you feel that you had the inherent powers under the Constitution that Mr. Truman says he has to seize the steel industry, or the newspapers, the radio stations, or anything else?

SENATOR RUSSELL: I'm afraid of this matter of inherent powers. This is a government of law, and not a government of men. And where there is a statute that has been enacted by Congress that's available for use, it's highly preferable to use that statute rather than to rely on as nebulous a term as inherent powers. Of course we must remember that if the power to seize the radio, the press, or the steel plants exists in

the President, he also has the power to seize the labor unions. And the labor man would feel rather alarmed to come in and find some major sitting at the desk of the business agent or the secretary-treasurer of the union.

MR. HUIE: By that you are telling our audience that you are somewhat disturbed by the President's action.

SENATOR RUSSELL: I would much prefer for the President to have followed the statutes. I think that at least two statutes could have been employed to resolve this matter without resorting to inherent powers. I don't think that Mr. Truman is any dictator, but I think his act may well be the blueprint for some man who might seize all the powers of government in the future.

MR. MARTIN: On the statutes you mean the national emergency clause of the Taft-Hartley Act?

SENATOR RUSSELL: Yes, either that or a statute of which I was the author when the original draft bill passed, which gave the President the power to seize any plant or facility in this country that failed or refused to supply contracts necessary to the defense effort. I think it would have been purposeful to employ either one of them. Both of them provide for the standards of seizure, they provide for the method of repayment, and don't leave all of those

matters up in the air, as this thing of inherent powers does.

MR. MARTIN: Now, Senator Russell, on this matter of inherent powers. You know it's another Southerner, Tom Clarke of Texas, who used to be the Attorney General, who ruled and told the President that he had inherent powers under the Constitution. And Tom Clarke is now on the Supreme Court, which would be the court of last resort if anybody wanted to test this theory of inherent powers.

MR. HUIE: I'm sure our audience would like to hear your views on the traditional policies with regard to FEPC. That, of course, is one of the reasons you are objected to in the northern cities.

SENATOR RUSSELL: Well, Mr. Huie, the FEPC isn't any Southern issue, or sectional issue. It goes back to the very heart of our American system. That theory contemplates that the federal government has the power to pass upon employment and upon promotions, and upon employment policies and also on the matter of discharges from employment. Now I do not believe that the free enterprise system can possibly exist if we are to have a horde of federal agents running all over the country, peering over men's shoulders and undertaking to read their minds. Of course, after all, it is a matter of thought

police, what was in the man's mind when he hired this individual rather than the other, or even a group rather than another group. I think it will eventually result in the nationalization of all business and industry in this country if we pass a compulsory jail sentence under FEPC putting a man in prison because he employs one individual instead of another.

**Senator Kefauver on the Democratic Platform**

MR. VICTOR LASKY: Senator, on the question of foreign policy, which I heard you discuss just recently, you were quoted in the *Nashville Tennessean* as stating that politics should stop at the water's edge in this campaign. Are you still of that opinion?

SENATOR KEFAUVER: Well, sir, I'll tell you how I feel about that. I think the general direction we have to go in should not be a matter for partisan dispute. I think we have to play our part among the nations of the world, we have to support the United Nations, that we have to stand with and work with the democracies of the North Atlantic, that we can not be isolationists any more. So that I think on that general basis, which was, of course, carved out on a bi-partisan basis—with Senator Vandenberg taking the lead on the Republican side;

Senator Connally, President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull and President Truman on the Democratic side—the dispute about that ought to end at the water's edge. There are plenty of matters inside that framework we can properly discuss and divide on as to the extent, how we are going to do it, what the sharing of responsibility ought to be. But I mean the general direction.

MR. LASKY: In the event that you become President next January, would you retain Secretary Acheson?

SENATOR KEFAUVER: It is my feeling that I want to pick my own cabinet if I'm elected, people I think have the highest qualifications, whom I think best able to carry out their duties. And, then, I do think also that we need new life, new vision, new ideas all through our government.

MR. HUIE: That brings me back to this situation, which I'm sure you will understand and recognize. You are the first man in a long time that's run after an incumbent president, where the president is stepping aside. Now, you do concede that you have to run on the Truman record, don't you?

SENATOR KEFAUVER: No, Mr. Huie. I think I have to run on the general principles of what our party has stood for. If that be the Truman record, I think I'd run

on most of President Truman's record. There are some points of difference, points on which I disagree, but the general purposes of the foreign policy and the domestic program, too, of President Truman and President Roosevelt I voted for and, of course, I stand for.

MR. HUIE: Would you say that this year Americans should cast either a protest or an approval vote? We have an administration that's been in for twenty years. This year isn't it fair to say that Americans should either approve or reject that administration?

SENATOR KEFAUVER: No, sir. I don't think that's the issue presented before the people. I think a lot of people who believe in the general Democratic program for one reason or another might feel inclined to vote the other way. What I think the people of America really want, Mr. Huie, are the general foreign policy and the domestic program of the Democratic administration, carried on within the means in which we can carry it on, that is with a balanced budget. And I feel that the American people also want new youth, more participation, new ideas, more vigor, and more planning for the future for a greater America. And then also I think they want to be certain beyond any question of a doubt that we have absolute integrity and that

any wrongdoing in the government is cleaned out.

### **Governor Warren on the Republican Platform**

MR. DONALD I. ROGERS: Do you feel that the rather sharp conflict developing within the ranks of the Republicans will be detrimental to the party when it comes to a showdown this summer?

GOVERNOR WARREN: I am of the opinion that if we keep it on a high plane, if we talk about principles rather than personalities, if we keep out the acrimony, it will be strengthening rather than weakening to the party.

MR. HUIE: Do you think that on principle the division between the so-called Middle Western group of Republicans, the nationalist group, and the so-called internationalist group is irreconcilable, that whichever one loses in the contest, there will be some defections from the party by the other group?

GOVERNOR WARREN: I think that always where you have a sharp line of demarcation on matters of principle, you find some defections. Now, whether they can reconcile themselves at the convention or subsequently is a question that could not be answered at the present time.

MR. HUIE: In your opinion the Republican Party — the protest group this time — has a fair

chance now of presenting a united party in November, whoever wins the nomination.

GOVERNOR WARREN: Yes, I think they have a much better chance of doing that than the present incumbent administration.

MR. ROGERS: What is your opinion of the one single thing that will pull the Republicans together, the one factor that will make them all vote Republican and not split?

GOVERNOR WARREN: I don't know that there is any one factor. I believe rather that it is the philosophy of our party, the realization of the need for reorganizing our government, for streamlining it, for cutting out all of the dead wood, for re-establishing integrity throughout the government.

MR. ROGERS: This is, more or less, Mr. Huie's theory of a protest group, isn't it?

GOVERNOR WARREN: I don't believe so. I do believe those represent sound, fundamental principles. The Republican Party isn't just a protest group. I think we would be for that whether we were in or out of office. I am of the opinion that the Republicans cannot win just on a negative campaign, that we can win just by pointing out the mistakes of the Democrats. You see, we haven't been in power for twenty years and the people of America are going to want to know what we propose

to do. I believe we ought to meet every problem of American life head on.

MR. ROGERS: Could you point up briefly some of the issues, some of the points in your platform which are not duplications of the Democratic platform?

GOVERNOR WARREN: I believe we must reorganize our government. I don't think the Democrats can say they have tried to accomplish that.

MR. ROGERS: I think they will *say* it.

GOVERNOR WARREN: That may be, but I don't believe the facts will support it. I believe that we have to make another approach to our finances in government, and in that we would be very much different from the Democratic Party. I don't believe we can continue to travel the road to insolvency by piling up the national debt year after year in time of peace. There is always a day of reckoning. I believe that we can and we must restore integrity in government and the confidence of people in the integrity of their government. Because of this administration's being twenty years of age and of all these weaknesses developing in it, at this particular time, I believe it is apparent to the average person that they [its members] do not have the resiliency to pull themselves up by their bootstraps and do that.

MR. HUIE: Is it fair to say that your

criticism of the present government is a criticism just of management and not a criticism of theory of government?

GOVERNOR WARREN: On the contrary, I want to say to you that I am thoroughly out of sympathy and always have been with the efforts of this administration — and I refer to it as the twenty-year administration — of centralizing all administrative power in Washington. I believe they have weakened our institutions. I believe they have detracted from the efficiency and the importance of both state and local governments.

MR. ROGERS: Specifically what do you have in mind?

GOVERNOR WARREN: In every program the federal government initiates that is a federal, state, and local participation program, the intent is to centralize the administration of the entire program in Washington, D. C. When we do that, we are taking away from state and local governments the responsibility of functioning and are weakening our democratic processes. I am of the opinion that in such programs we ought to put as much of the administrative power as we possibly can in the states and in the local communities and only do so much at Washington as is necessary to see that the purposes of the program are carried out and that the

finances of the federal government are protected.

MR. ROGERS: That is, real administration and not supervision.

GOVERNOR WARREN: That's right. That to me is a fundamental principle. I believe that if we could turn the tide in that respect, it would have a great deal to do with the future of our country and it would insure preserving the spirit of our institutions as well as the form. Because if we ever take away from the people in their own home communities and in their states the responsibility for administering the affairs of government and transfer it to Washington, we will be destroying the spirit of our institutions and maintaining the form, which many countries have done to their great sorrow in years gone by.

### ***Senator Seaton on Flood Control***

COLONEL ANSEL TALBERT: Congress has been blamed in certain quarters for not appropriating enough money for an adequate flood control program. Do you think that's a fair criticism?

SENATOR SEATON: I would say that some of the fault has been Congress's. In the determination of first things first, probably we've missed a bit about what was first.

COLONEL TALBERT: Do you think it's a matter of more money or of better plans?

SENATOR SEATON: It's a matter of more money because we have the plan. The Pick-Sloane plan, which was first adopted in 1944, is thoroughly adequate so far as taking care of the Missouri Basin and its flood situations is concerned. The two authors of it were General Pick of the Army Engineers and Paul Sloane of the Department of Agriculture.

MR. HUIE: This is a plan for the construction by the federal government of a number of dams, is that correct?

SENATOR SEATON: That's correct.

MR. HUIE: About how many dams are envisioned in the plan?

SENATOR SEATON: If we carried out the complete plan, there would be about one hundred such installations in the Missouri Basin. Now remember, the Missouri Basin isn't just a little thing the river flows down. Actually you've got about two-sixths of the land mass of the United States in that basin. But there are four major dams involved there. Those four dams, when completed, would stop a repetition of the flood we just had.

COLONEL TALBERT: How does this fit in with President Truman's plan involving six hundred billion dollars for national flood control? Is it part of the President's plan?

SENATOR SEATON: I'm glad you used the word part. The President's plan encompasses a great many things

besides the construction of these main stem dams and the flood control and the tributaries and the farm lands. I will not get in the position of trying to defend the President's plan of six hundred billions, sir, if you don't mind.

MR. HUIE: Just how much money do the people of the United States have to spend to complete the Pick-Sloane plan?

SENATOR SEATON: To complete the Pick-Sloane plan for the job of controlling those ravaging floods on the Missouri River would cost the people of the United States about one billion three hundred million dollars. Or four hundred million dollars less than the floods have already cost the people of the United States.

MR. HUIE: In other words, these floods for the last ten years have cost the people of the United States more than it would cost to build these dams.

SENATOR SEATON: Yes, in actual damage. Specifically, so far as all of us are concerned, the 1952 flood of the Missouri River will cost the average family of the United States \$15.50 on their grocery bill. Because the Missouri Basin is the bread basket of America, and those losses we suffered in farm produce will cost a one per cent increase in everybody's food for the ensuing year.



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# BOOKS

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William Phillips

## In and Out of the Underground

The Confessions of Whittaker Chambers

IT IS NOW a little more than two years since Alger Hiss was found guilty of perjury and sentenced to five years in prison. But the great debate over the Hiss case, which shocked most Americans and strained their credulity to the breaking point, divided public opinion, mobilized an army of Hiss partisans ready to defend their hero with their last drop of self-deception — this great debate still goes on.

And the confusion persists. Some of it comes from the fact that so many respectable people seem to have sworn allegiance to the innocence of Hiss, in the face of all the evidence. Some of it is due to the fact that many liberals have identified the fate of Hiss with all the

good things in life — progress, justice, democracy. On the other hand, some conservatives, victims of the same kind of logic Communists use, have tended to lump Hiss with all liberal thinking in this country. To add to the confusion, the case has been used as a political football. While most of the facts have emerged, their meaning has often been lost in a fog of propaganda, special pleading, and political naïveté. Unfortunately, Communism thrives on this kind of confusion.

The inability to understand the Hiss case has been at bottom a failure to grasp the nature of the Communist movement. Of course, the Communists promote confusion by their skill at concealing their true character and purposes. But more important is the fact that the unique combination of conspiratorial methods and progressive rhetoric found

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in Communism is an alien experience to most Americans — to liberals and to conservatives, even to many active anti-Communists. In this sense, the Hiss case, though its revelations of Communist penetration in the highest echelons of government were shocking, simply dramatized the Communist exploitation of political ignorance that has been going on now for several decades. With sufficient political sophistication there might never have been a Hiss case, and Whittaker Chambers would probably have gone on quietly editing *Time*.

For Hiss and Chambers are both symbols, symbols not only of the clash of two worlds, but also of the effort to bring to light the true identity of Communists that has taken us into the lurid and sensational underground of secret agents, espionage, the G.P.U. And this is precisely what has baffled people who have not been accustomed to connecting politics or ideas with spying. It was always assumed, for example, that Karl Marx, or Eugene Debs, was one thing and Mata Hari another. Obviously nobody could imagine Mata Hari lecturing at universities on the threat to civil liberties, or as an expert on fiscal problems in the Treasury Department, or as the President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Only crackpots might have been expected to take up the cause of a convicted Mata Hari,

insist on her innocence despite the evidence, and claim she was the victim of some sinister combination of reactionary forces and psychopathic informers.

Yet this was exactly what happened in the Hiss case. Insinuations were made by the supporters of Hiss, some openly, some through the grapevine of opinion, that Hiss was being framed by reactionaries, and that Chambers was a nasty, twisted character, a confessed traitor and liar. Countless people simply could not believe that such bona fide Americans as Hiss and the others named by Chambers, carrying the highest social and educational credentials, could be Soviet agents or even Communists. In the popular image, a spy was a suave and shady adventurer, working for money and excitement, without social or intellectual loyalties or values — the villain of a thousand movies.

IT IS GOOD, therefore, that Whittaker Chambers has written the story of his political life. Under the title, *Witness*,\* Chambers has attempted an exhaustive account of his background, motives, and his experience in the Communist underground. Whatever reservations one might have about the intellectual qualities of the book, there can be no doubt it is an impressive and fascinating document, a notable con-

\*By Whittaker Chambers. Random House. 808 pp. \$5.00.

tribution to our political education. Cast as the autobiography of a sinner, its eight hundred pages give the thrilling and terrifying details of his conversion to Communism, his assignment to the underground "apparatus," his conspiratorial methods and relations with his co-workers, including his Russian bosses and the native Communists infiltrating into government agencies, and, finally, his break with the underground and the whole philosophy of Communism, and the steps that led to his denunciation of Hiss and the others, including the fears, conflicts, and loyalties that marked every stage of his testimony.

As Chambers tells his story, many things about the case become clear for the first time. For example, many people have questioned Chambers' motives in concealing the charge of espionage against Hiss, Harry Dexter White, Julian Wadleigh, and some less prominent figures, until Hiss brought a libel suit against him. Now Chambers explains that he did not want to destroy them — or himself — as individuals but simply to have them removed from positions in government where they could betray the country. Hiss forced his hand, Chambers explains, for with such essentials left out of his testimony, he might have lost the libel suit. Other gaps are also filled in, as Chambers draws the picture of the vast network not only of secret agents, but also of social con-

nections and ideological sympathies that made it possible for so many Communists to worm their way into official positions and to gain the confidence and loyalty of many prominent people who would have had no use for them if they had known they were Soviet "apparatchiks."

*Witness* is the first fully documented and intellectually sophisticated confession by an American ex-Communist agent. There have been other revelations, but they are more fragmentary and less probing than the book by Chambers. By simply describing his own experience, Chambers has necessarily thrown considerable light on one of the central political questions of our time: the question of why so many people, most of them people of good will, should have been attracted to Soviet Russia and the Communist Party. But, in addition, Chambers tries to explain, in a theoretical way, the pull exerted by the idea of Communism on the "progressive" mind in this country and in Europe. He points out — what has been known for a long time to students of Communism, but, unfortunately, is not generally understood — that Communism, though it has turned out to be the most brutal, totalitarian force in history, actually makes its appeal to the idealist yearning for a social paradise, free of prejudice, exploitation, war, and general injustice. In this sense, Communism is a variety of faith, mobilizing its fol-

lowers into a crusading force and impressing many innocent, well-intentioned people with the sacredness of its humanitarian goals. It is a promise of social salvation, achieved in history by the practical efforts of dedicated men — a promise of heaven on earth.

IN ESSENCE this is the key to the mind of a Communist. It explains why Communists have been able to solicit if not the active support at least the benevolent neutrality of so many liberals. For if it is assumed that the Soviet regime and the Communist movement are basically on the side of those forces in history making for the good society, then, of course, all their lies and crimes can be forgiven or overlooked, or regarded as necessary means to the realization of ends that are by definition good. All people opposed to these means or these ends are branded as enemies of progress, as reactionaries committed to the preservation of a vicious and decayed social order that breeds poverty, inequality, and war. And any method of destroying, or betraying, or deceiving people or institutions opposed to Communism is justifiable in so far as it promotes the Communist cause and weakens the side of "reaction."

Thus the Communist has not only a binding faith and a social philosophy to rationalize it, but also a new moral code that sanctions his im-

morality. For what we condemn, by the standards of Western civilization, as a form of political gangsterism is actually the new morality of the Communists. Lenin, for example, in his writings, instructed party members working in trade unions not to be squeamish about using any form of deception or lying that would increase their power or influence. As has been suggested by Arthur Koestler in *Darkness at Noon*, the Communist conscience is bounded on all sides by the welfare of the "party," which, in turn, is taken to be the chosen instrument of history and progress.

From the evidence, Alger Hiss was a typical Communist, who was simply acting out the role which every Communist knows by heart. If he differed at all from most of his fellow Communists, it was only because of the extraordinary position he had reached, which he was able to exploit in the interest of his cause. Hence the sensational character of the disclosures in what has been known as the Hiss case. But, essentially, Hiss or any of the other people named by Chambers (or by Hede Massing, Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz) were simply more successful than many other Communists who would have been glad to do the same thing. Alger Hiss was a Communist hero, a martyr to his faith.

Why, then, were so many people shocked by the charges against Hiss?

Why did so many eminent figures rush to testify to his impeccable character? And why was Whittaker Chambers the object of so much contempt and loathing? The reasons, I think, are many, and while they are not all connected, they add up to something like a state of mind or a social myth that is difficult to define exactly. The primary reason, as I have suggested, seems to be that the double bookkeeping system of the Communists, which enables them to disguise themselves as idealists and humanitarians, is alien to the American experience. If it is un-American, many people are ready to assume it is untrue.

Hence the strange complexion of the Hiss camp, which included, in addition to the usual quota of fellow-travellers and chronic innocents, many conservatives and anti-Communists. As has been noted, too, the roster of Hiss supporters read like a page out of the social register. What all these people were defending was not the right of Hiss to be a spy, but their faith in American institutions and in a clean-cut young man, tall, lean, with sloping, relaxed shoulders, a good mixer, a career man with principles — a symbol of the new type of liberal executive in a Brooks Brothers suit. (What would have happened if Hiss looked like Peter Lorre and Chambers like Gary Cooper?) He was one of them; and if he were guilty, then any one of them could be guilty, and nothing

could be believed in, for anything was possible. It was more reassuring to think that Hiss must be innocent than to feel that one lived in a world of treachery and chaos.

Communism presents itself as an extension of the liberal tradition, of the enlightenment; and, unfortunately, many progressive minds have been willing to accept Communism as a fanatic and extreme, perhaps too ruthless, version of their own philosophy, but one whose ultimate social goals are not too far from their own. Hence they tend to think of the prosecution of a person like Hiss, whom they knew only in his anti-fascist, liberal guise, as a form of reactionary persecution. Identifying themselves with the public record of an Alger Hiss, they felt they, too, were on trial.

Then it must also be said that the administration was reluctant to admit that Communists had penetrated its ranks, for fear it might compromise its political prestige, its policies, and the objectives of the New Deal, with which it had associated itself. (In 1939, Roosevelt, himself, had laughed at the charges of Chambers transmitted to the President by A. A. Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State. More recently, Truman called the Hiss case a "red herring.") It is apparently also true, as Chambers says, that once the government decided to prosecute Hiss it did so vigorously, still the earlier indifference of

the administration did have an effect on public opinion and its legal inertia kept the facts under cover for some time.

THE HISS CASE and the book by Chambers also raise some fundamental questions about the basic philosophy of Communism and the means of combating it. And while Chambers is most illuminating about the special political and psychological atmosphere in which Communism flourishes, he is, I think, on much more shaky ground when it comes to its larger implications. The burden of Chambers' confession is that he has shifted from one faith to another, from Communism to established religion; and he argues throughout the book that religious faith is the answer to Communism, for the essential conflict of our time is between the "vision of God" and the "vision of man without God," between, that is, spirituality and Communist "materialism."

Now there can be no doubt that institutional religion is completely antithetic to Communism, but it is far from the truth to say, as Chambers does, that the religious faith is the *only* force genuinely opposed to Communism. The struggle against Communism here and abroad has been effectively carried on by many organizations and dedicated individuals whose primary appeal has not been as representatives of established religion. One has only to

think of figures like John Dewey, Sidney Hook, James Burnham, Max Eastman, Arthur Koestler, among many others, or of the various democratic, republican, and socialist movements that have battered away at Communist theory and practice and are at the top of Stalin's black list for liquidation wherever he is able to take power. We must also face the unpleasant fact that many religious figures, like the Red Dean of Canterbury, have at one time or another been taken in by the Communists, or the largest Communist party in western Europe is in Italy, one of the most deeply religious countries on the continent. The conflict is actually not between Communism and any one philosophical or religious position, but between totalitarianism and all the democratic forces of the free world which include the variety of beliefs and values that make up a democratic society.

Any attempt to narrow the ground of opposition to Soviet totalitarianism and to purge leading anti-Communists on doctrinal grounds would play into the hands of the Communists, for they could then tell millions of people throughout the world that only one tendency in Western society is genuinely opposed to them and quote from such a view as that advanced by Chambers to support their arguments. Besides, the main appeal of the Communists throughout the

world is based on their claim that they can solve the economic problems of Europe and Asia and provide a better life for the bulk of their population. And, in practical terms, in terms, that is, of political education or propaganda, it should be obvious that a dismissal of Communism as a form of diabolical materialism would scarcely refute their claim to be the bearers of economic progress.

On a deeper philosophical level, it has been argued by Dostoevski and other intellectual figures, as well as by theologians, that the sources of morality are essentially religious and that the immorality of Communism stems from a rational ethics whose values can be derived only from political expediency. Unfortunately, however, Chambers does not seem to have the training necessary to explore the subtler aspects of the problem, and when he reduces a profoundly religious approach to morality to such secular questions as the political criteria and methods of opposing the Communists it both loses its philosophical meaning and becomes ineffective as an anti-Communist strategy. On the question of the relation of religion to Communism, I find theologians like Jacques Maritain and Reinhold Niebuhr sounder and more practical.

Similarly, Chambers confuses the issue and falls into the Communist trap when he lumps all liberal and

progressive opinion with Communism. Again, it might be argued that Marxism is historically rooted in the enlightenment and in the liberal and rational tradition of the nineteenth century, but that is not the same thing as saying that all liberals today are political bedfellows of the Communists. When Chambers goes so far as to say that the New Deal represented a form of revolutionary socialism, he is really making a gift of a good part of American life and thought to Stalin. And Stalin is delighted with such bequests, for the chief strategy of the Communists today is to convince the American people that Communism is another name for democracy and social reform, and that any attack on it is essentially an attack on liberalism, on civil liberties, on all democratic dissent. Obviously, Chambers' motive is scarcely to help the Communists in their propaganda: where he is misled, it seems to me, is that he mistakes the infiltration of the New Deal and of liberal thinking generally by Communists for an identity of philosophy and purposes. Perhaps he is led to this conclusion by the conspiratorial nature of his own experience, for his main job in the underground was to plant people who might influence government policies (as well as gain access to information), but clearly this would have been unnecessary if all the liberals in Washington were moving in the direction of Commu-

nism on their own steam. If Communist influence is on the wane both here and abroad, it is because of the growing recognition that Communism is antithetical to all genuinely liberal and democratic thinking — which it has crushed behind the Iron Curtain.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that *Witness* should be satisfying on all counts, that it be a profound intellectual statement as well as an illuminating document on the methods and motives of the Communist underground. In a way it is a terrifying story, but if it is properly understood and evaluated by enough people it should do much to make Communism unrespectable in this

country. For the chief menace of Communism in this country is not, as the Hiss case demonstrated, from the small and shabby Communist Party, itself, but from its ability to exploit the social conscience of those who still think of Communists simply as the exponents of a high-minded and respectable social philosophy. If the Communist Party were stripped of its social and intellectual appeals, it would be reduced to a band of die-hards acting as agents of the Soviet Union. But then a number of self-righteous bustlers, who have made a profession out of being taken in by the Communists, might not know what to do with themselves.

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### ***The Communist Conscience***

» I have sometimes been asked . . . : What went on in the minds of those Americans, all highly educated men, that made it possible for them to betray their country? Did none of them suffer a crisis of conscience? The question presupposes that whoever asks it has still failed to grasp that Communists mean exactly what they have been saying for a hundred years: they regard any government that is not Communist, including their own, merely as the political machine of a class whose power they have organized expressly to overthrow by all means, including violence. Therefore, ultimately the problem of espionage never presents itself to them as a problem of conscience, but as a problem of operations. . . .

For the Communists, the problem of conscience had been settled long before, at the moment when they accepted the program and discipline of the Communist Party. For the fellow travelers, it had been settled at the moment when they decided to co-operate with the Communist Party.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, *in* WITNESS, *Random House*, 1952



William Barrett

# BLACK and BLUE

## *A Negro Céline*

BECAUSE of his achievements in popular music, jazz and spirituals, we must count the Negro as perhaps the greatest artistic potential in America today. In literature, the obstacles to his self-expression have been greater, in good part because of the stereotypes of character the white man has forced upon him, so that thus far we have had only premonitory flashes, brilliant but brief, as in the touching and amusing pathos of a Langston Hughes, or in the thunderous — but also somewhat abstract — social protest of a Richard Wright. Now, however, a new novel has just appeared, Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*,\* which marks a sensational entry by the Negro into high literature.

There is social protest in Ellison's book, to be sure — how could one write honestly about the Negro and avoid this? — but it differs from Richard Wright in grappling with the whole inner problem of the Negro as a human person, rather than as a mere social abstraction

symbolizing an exploited class, and with a hero immensely more complex and intellectual than Wright's Bigger Thomas. Apart from Ellison's artistic and technical powers, which are considerable, it is just this unflinching spiritual search on his part to find out what it really means to be a Negro that makes his book, to my mind, the first considerable step forward in Negro literature.

Ellison calls his hero an "Invisible Man" because he cannot be seen by other people in our society — neither by the whites nor by his fellow blacks, neither by reactionaries nor by Communists. And they do not see him for what he is because they refuse to see him. Which is to say, they refuse to grant him his own identity, or even the possibility of one. Ellison's novel, told in the first person, is a record of the search by this "I" for his denied identity.

Here the author has got hold of a theme as big as America itself, certainly a theme larger than the "Negro problem" alone, however special a slant the Negro may have

\* Random House. 439 pp. \$3.50.

upon it. It is a fact, perhaps the basic fact, of our national psychology that the American, in general, is not yet quite sure of his own identity. And the Negro, as *the* insulted and injured of our society, has only experienced this drama of the national soul in a more abysmal way than the rest of us. People in older civilizations — say, the Englishman or Frenchman — have behind them centuries of a settled and defined culture, which serves as a mirror in which they can see their own features and find their own identity. The American, on the contrary, exists in a new, evolving and fluid society that does not offer him any external image of his own individual possibilities and meaning. He and his new civilization are adventurers on the surface of the planet; and like all adventurers, in history or in legend, his adventure is a quest, and in the last analysis every quest is a quest for oneself.

**T**HUS IT IS NO PARADOX TO maintain, as one well-known authority on Negro culture has done, that the Negro really represents the American in his pure state. America, after all, is made up of immigrant stocks, and the Negro is only one among these groups, the most discriminated against and therefore, too, the group that faces the possibilities of American life more nakedly than the rest. If an American is first-, second-, or even third-

generation Italian, Irish, Jewish, or what have you, he is bound to feel the drag of this foreign past upon him as he confronts life in this country; at the same time, he is so alien from his ancestors that he can never again hope to take their identity upon himself. This leaves him something of a divided being (and the division may be all the sharper for being buried deeper in the unconscious), torn between his ancestral past and his American future. He tries desperately to find himself in the New World by losing every trace of the Old Country. But that past is still there, troubling or exalting him. For the Negro, however, the past has receded farther than for any other stock, and consequently he is more naked in the present, and therefore more typically American. Hence too, he experiences the anguish of the search for himself in the most direct and brutal American fashion.

No doubt, because he is the most persecuted, the Negro is the outsider and the stranger in the midst of American life. But this does not mean that he may not express the American character at a more subterranean level. Remember that the scapegoat in primitive communities was sacrificed to expiate the sins of the group. By taking the sins of the others upon himself, the scapegoat experienced their guilt for them; he, the outcast, expressed the deeper and darker parts of their soul.

The best proof of all this is Ellison's story itself, which as a parable of the alienated individual in search of himself belongs in the mainstream of recent American fiction. The typical hero of modern American fiction — as in Hemingway, Faulkner, Nelson Algren — is the lonely figure existing on the shady side of the law, the tough guy or outcast who cannot hunt with the pack; and this image, or archetype, goes far back in the American tradition to the solitary heroes of J. Fenimore Cooper pitting their skill against the wilderness. Thus, in telling a story of contemporary American life, Ellison has plunged into the center of an American tradition; and though the particular events of this story are the kind of thing that could have happened only to a Negro, I, as a white, was able to identify myself completely with the hero's frantic search.

THE STORY OPENS IN THE SOUTH. The hero, still a boy, has won a prize for public speaking, a leather brief case; but the whites of the town will award it to him only after he has been subjected to the ordeal of a "smoker" and a free-for-all in which all the local Negro boys are pitted, blindfold, against each other in a boxing ring, for the white man's sport. Thus, the nightmare touch asserts itself right at the beginning, and grows as the story unfolds. The book has an uncanny power from

this combination of nightmare and realism, which partly suggests Faulkner but can only be compared with the Frenchman Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night*, that great poem of nihilism of the 1930's. The details of life are only too real and actual; but heated in the furnace of Ellison's imagination, they expand to the grotesque and distorted proportions of a nightmare. And this nightmare is simply the life of the Negro in America; so that, even as social protest, the book conveys more than any flatly reportorial or naturalistic fiction could do.

That night the hero has a real nightmare: he dreams that his grandfather, who had been born a slave, returns and tells him to open his prize brief case, inside which he finds a letter: "*Keep this nigger boy running!*" During the rest of the story he never stops running. Everybody in the world — whites, blacks, reactionaries, Communists — seems to be in a conspiracy to keep him on the move, in the inexorable and unending journey toward a self.

Another set of nightmarish encounters (where Ellison's bold imaginative gifts are at the top of their bent) involving a white trustee gets the hero dismissed from college. He goes to Harlem, drifts into and out of job and hospital, and then is picked up by the Communists and becomes a valuable minor functionary in the Party. For a while he goes great guns. But the good fortune

cannot last, for he is also "invisible" to the Communists, who are interested in the Negro only as a tool for their own purposes.

The main drama toward the end of the book concerns the hero's two-front battle with the Party and with a Negro racist group headed by Ras, the Exhorter, a grotesque rabble-rouser. This works up into the final apocalyptic climax of a Harlem riot, which reads like the end of the world or the destruction of Valhalla, with people running wild and smashing everything in sight. Fleeing through the streets, first from Ras's men and then from some street thugs, the hero falls into an open manhole. Here the story ends in a merciful gesture of symbolism: the Invisible Man is the Underground Man of Dostoevski, the dark smoldering rejected figure of modern civilization, and his only salvation therefore is to go underground and remain out of sight.

ELLISON has all the gifts a novelist could ask for: a command of impassioned rhetoric and language (which may turn out to be as native to the Negro as his genius for rhythm); the gift of telling a story whose pace never lags; intelligence to know exactly what he is about artistically. And, above all, he has the born novelist's gift of characterization. At first glance, his portrait of Dr. Bledsoe, the head of the Negro college, looks like something

that has been done before — the unctuous, bowing, but deadly aggressive Negro; but Ellison has done it so sharply and individually that the character emerges as something really new in our fiction. Unfortunately, however, Ellison is too sparing with this gift of characterization, and in the struggle to make his story symbolic, rather than purely naturalistic, fiction, he has also made it somewhat abstract. As soon as he moves into the Communist Party, we begin to draw blanks as characters. The nervous vitality of Harlem comes through, but not enough of its richness in individual characters. Ellison is too furiously driven by his theme to take time to look lingeringly and appreciatively at the deeply human individuals he must have found there.

The trouble would seem to be that Ellison is divided within himself about his theme. The Underground Man has been treated by Dostoevski and Céline, and though it is a mark of Ellison's achievement that he deserves comparison with these masters, he has nevertheless not resolved this difficult theme as satisfactorily as either. Céline committed himself to his revolt against mankind, taking the train of disgust to its last stop; Ellison is much too warmly attached to life for any such ultimate commitment. On the other hand, unlike Dostoevski, he has not risen beyond the Underground Man in himself to a level of richer and

deeper human perception. A man who has been treated as socially "invisible" for so long cannot easily be reconciled to the purely human side of this invisibility. Thus, though it happens in an altogether different way than in Richard Wright, in the end the protesting Negro does take some precedence over the novelist. Considering the almost inhuman obstacles in his way, this may be a fate inevitable for the Negro writer.

But this is Ellison's first novel, and while prophecy is customary on such occasions, here the promise cannot be empty when the performance is already so imposing. Luck is an especially capricious goddess to writers, but granting him just a little of it, I do not see that we can set any limits now to how far Ellison may yet go in the novel. He has already done a book which just misses greatness.

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### ***Diversity Is the Word***

Whence all this passion toward conformity anyway? — diversity is the word. Let man keep his many parts and you'll have no tyrant states. Why, if they follow this conformity business they'll end up by forcing me, an invisible man, to become white, which is not a color but the lack of one. Must I strive toward colorlessness? But seriously, and without snobbery, think of what the world would lose if that should happen. America is woven of many strands; I would recognize them and let it so remain. It's "winner take nothing" that is the great truth of our country or of any country. Life is to be lived, not controlled; and humanity is won by continuing to play in face of certain defeat. Our fate is to become one, and yet many — this is not prophecy, but description. Thus one of the greatest jokes in the world is the spectacle of the whites busy escaping blackness and becoming blacker every day, and the blacks striving toward whiteness, becoming quite dull and gray. None of us seems to know who he is or where he's going.

RALPH ELLISON, in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, Random House, 1952

# BOOKS IN SHORT

*Homage to Catalonia.* By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace. 232 pp. \$3.50. At the end of 1936 George Orwell went to Spain to write about the civil war, but immediately joined the militia, fought and was wounded, and after six months or so went home. In 1938 this unpretentious account of his Spanish experiences was published in England; the Communists vilified it, of course, but nobody else paid the book any attention. Now, after many years, and after *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has made the author's name famous, *Homage to Catalonia* is being published in America. It is, in a very odd way, a plain and ordinary way, a great book.

It is a better book than *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, I think, which always struck me, with its condemnation of the whole world to totalitarian perdition, as too apocalyptic, disillusioned and extreme to suit Orwell's true gift. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a kind of powerful cartoon, not really a novel at all, helping people to understand totalitarianism. *Homage to Catalonia* is George Orwell himself, sober, level-headed and truth-telling, with his singular gift for downrightness and honesty. Here I am only paraphrasing Lionel Trill-

ing's eloquent introduction; let me quote him directly:

He is not a genius — what a relief! What an encouragement. For he communicates to us the sense that what he has done, any one of us could do.

Or could do if we but made up our mind to do it, if we but surrendered a little of the cant that comforts us, if for a few weeks we paid no attention to the little group with which we habitually exchange opinions, if we took our chance of being wrong or inadequate, if we looked at things simply and directly, having only in mind our intention of finding out what they are, not the prestige of our great intellectual act of looking at them. He liberates us. He tells us that we can understand our political and social life merely by looking around us, he frees us from the need for the inside dope. He implies that our job is not to be intellectual, certainly not to be intellectual in this fashion or that, but merely to be intelligent according to our lights. . . .

What does Orwell do in *Homage to Catalonia* to earn this high praise? He tells the truth as he saw it about a subject most everybody else was lying about fifteen years ago, lying so profoundly they even *saw* lies

and didn't have to traduce the report of their senses.

Orwell had letters of introduction from the British Independent Labor Party, and when he joined the militia in Spain landed up in that of the P.O.U.M., an anti-Communist Marxist political organization, although his sympathies, if you could have put a party label on them, were Communist. These were the days of the Popular Front, and the Communists were fighting tooth and nail the revolution which the civil war had set off in Spain: let's get the war against fascism over with first, they said. At first this seemed to Orwell a simpler and more sensible policy than the P.O.U.M.'s and Anarchists' acceptance of the war against Franco for what it spontaneously started out as, a revolutionary one.

He changed his mind about this later, when he saw and was greatly impressed by the revolutionary spirit of equality that prevailed in the P.O.U.M. militia. He saw, too, how the Communists were extending their hold everywhere and doing everything in their power not only to arrest but to put down the Spanish revolution, regardless of how this hurt the prosecution of the war. These details are now history; what is important for us in this is that Orwell perceived Stalinism's as well as fascism's hatred of human liberty and said so in his book. He bore true witness, at a time when the right-wing press was writing about

"Reds crucifying nuns" and the left-wing about fascist barricades being made of living children — "a most unhandy thing to make barricades with," Orwell comments. (From this blanket condemnation of the press he scrupulously exempts the *Manchester Guardian* in a footnote.) For his pains he was called a Trotskyist agent of the fascists by the Communists and those who took their cue from them; in the eyes of the fascists and their supporters I suppose he was just another Red.

There is a very British quality about Orwell's rectitude, as there is about the man in general, although so much of his writing is a criticism of British life. His British downrightness is always delightful. When he was shot through the neck, escaping death by a hairsbreadth, his "first thought, conventionally enough, was for my wife. My second was a violent resentment at having to leave this world which, when all is said and done, suits me so well." That is nicely said.

About his impulsive jumping into the Spanish fighting there is something of English schoolboy adventurousness, and reminds one of such different people as T. E. Lawrence and Churchill. He believed in courage and had a schoolboy code about. "All my life," he writes, "I had sworn that I would not duck the first time a bullet passed over me." But when "a bullet shot past my ear with a vicious crack and banged

in to the paradises behind, alas! I ducked."

Like so many Englishmen — Cobbett, for one, Mr. Trilling points out — Orwell disliked industrialism for what it had done to the English countryside and life. But he was no fool about this. When he saw, in Aragon, a primitive kind of harrow made of wood and flint that took one back to the later Stone Age, it made him sick "to think of the work that must go into the making of such a thing and the poverty that was obliged to use flint in place of steel. I have felt more kindly towards industrialism ever since."

Orwell was a socialist and remained one (in spite of the bitterness he gives vent to about socialism in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*) and praises in this book the socialist equality that he found in the Spanish militia, as against the "money-tainted air" and "privilege and boot-licking" of England. But his socialism is in the English tradition, and owes more to Langland, the Levelers, and the Chartists than it does to Marx. He was an oppositionist in many things, but he also loved his country and was proud of it, without fearing to be sneered at for his simplicity. In describing an attack against a fascist trench, and a bomb bursting in the midst of his group, he writes: "Through the din I heard an English voice behind me say quietly: 'I'm hit.'" There is patriotism in that "quietly."

He sickened of the Spanish mess and, a fugitive because of his association with the now proscribed P.O. U.M., escaped across the border into France. Until its very last paragraph *Homage to Catalonia* is written in Orwell's distinctive and magnificently straightforward prose. But arriving in England, he cannot contain himself; his love of country, confirmed in Spain, pours out in a splendid concluding burst:

And then England — southern England. . . . The industrial towns were far away, a smudge of smoke and misery hidden by the curve of the earth's surface. Down here it was still the England I had known in my childhood: the railway-cuttings smothered in wild flowers, the deep meadows where the great shining horses browse and meditate, the slow-moving streams bordered by willows, the green bosoms of the elms, the larkspurs in the cottage gardens; and then the huge peaceful wilderness of outer London, the barges on the miry river, the familiar streets, the posters telling of cricket matches and Royal weddings, the men in bowler hats, the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, the red buses, the blue policemen — all sleeping the deep, deep sleep of England, from which I sometimes fear that we shall never wake till we are jerked out of it by the roar of bombs.

This unassuming book teaches us that honesty and plainness aren't necessarily dull virtues, but can have a brilliance all their own.

M. G.



**Missing.** By Egon Hostovsky. Translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers. The Viking Press. 249 pp. \$3.00. The fate of man caught in the web of totalitarian ideologies, police regimes, and political dictatorships has emerged — in the course of some thirty-odd years — as one of the main themes of contemporary literature. On the highest level it has found expression in a small number of books like George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Vercors' novelette of the man who threw a fellow-prisoner into the Nazi concentration camp furnace to save his own life, and even Theodore Plievier's *Stalingrad*. On the other hand, there is a *Gebrauchsliteratur* of novels, pamphlets and thrillers that range — to name but a few of the recent crop — from the fiction of storytellers like Paul Gallico (*Trial by Terror*) or Taylor Caldwell (*The Devil's Advocate*) to the innumerable and often necessarily amateurish revelations of ex-Communists, spies, and Soviet prisoners.

Halfway between the Orwells and the Gallicos are books like Egon Hostovsky's new novel, *Missing*. Mr. Hostovsky, a former Czech diplomat who resigned from his post in Oslo in 1949 in protest against the Communist dictatorship imposed on his country, combines the skill of a storyteller with the firsthand experience of a man who lived for many

years in troubled Czechoslovakia, which is the scene of his story. In the final analysis, however, his novel does not amount to very much. It illustrates — as so many anti-Nazi books did in the past — some of the shortcomings common to quite a few contemporary novels that are basically more concerned with their theme than with the people they purport to portray. In *Missing* we find once more a somewhat schematic array of two-dimensional figures — aside from bits of locale and atmosphere — acting out, or illustrating, the author's theme that man is good and finally triumphs over the pitfalls of politics.

Mr. Hostovsky's book, roughly, combines the stories of a number of people caught in the gathering storm of the Communist *coup d'état* in Prague in the spring of 1948. They are loosely tied together by the narrative device of a "missing" man, Paul Kral, who, without ever appearing, looms — a somewhat nebulous incarnation of the author's theme — over the various characters. They all have some kind of interest in him, personal or official. A Czech journalist of no apparent political leanings, he has applied for a visa to the United States to visit his dying adopted daughter, and the question whether he may or may not go will ultimately be decided by them. For before Kral can be permitted to leave the country the Communist-infiltrated Czech For-

eign Office as well as the U. S. Embassy have to ascertain that he is politically reliable. And reliable means on the one hand that he is not a Communist or a Communist agent, and on the other that he is friendly, at least, to Communism and perhaps willing to serve as a Communist agent.

Caught in this novelistic framework are a number of characters that must serve to advance Mr. Hostovsky's theme and illustrate a particular historical moment. (At one point, and quite unnecessarily, Mr. Hostovsky even introduces a fictitious scene with the late Jan Masaryk, which has no bearing on the story whatsoever and may be dismissed as a personal tribute of the author to a friend of his.) There is Eric Brunner, the halfhearted Communist official and his estranged wife; Oldrich, the liberal journalist; Matejka, the cold and sly Communist boss; a naive and sentimental American Embassy girl and her head-G-man colleague (to illustrate, obviously, Mr. Hostovsky's point that the West, for the second time in recent years, stood by, sympathetic but impotent, when his country fell victim to a totalitarian force). There is a cheap political thug, a heroic priest, and a host of others, each in his way representative of one of the larger forces involved in the struggle.

And while Mr. Hostovsky vainly tries to bring his rather schematic

figures to life by throwing in a solid handful of personal and psychological complications (some of them rather well observed), the story follows its inevitable course.

Paul Kral's daughter dies and he never gets his visa. Eric Brunner, once the Communist *coup* (which, in this book, is nothing more than a rumbling in the background, with a casual reference to the apathy of the people in the face of events) has taken place, leaves his country and his wife behind. The liberal journalist makes a deal with the Communist boss, who is already afraid of the coming doom, inherent in the nature of any totalitarian regime. The thug is shot, and the American girl, hiding a sympathetic tear, takes a plane and flies home.

In the end, and in spite of Mr. Hostovsky's laudable concept that man triumphs over politics, it is politics that triumph over man. Paul Kral joins the underground, and everybody else, except for the priest who is thrown into jail, has made some kind of a compromise with the new regime. All we are left to hope for is that it will lose out, someday.

As an on-the-spot report of a historical event, *Missing* carries no weight. As a novel it is little more than a noble expression of a man's belief in humanity. And, essentially, Mr. Hostovsky's book is superficial to the very extent to which he has tried to give us a complex and all-

embracing view of a moment in our struggle against totalitarianism.

G. ST.

***Asphalt and Desire.* By Frederic Morton. Harcourt Brace. 282 pp. \$3.00.** Frederic Morton is a young Viennese who came to this country in 1940, at the age of fifteen, sometime after he and his family had been forced out of their native Austria by Hitler's *Anschluss*. He worked his way through New York's City College, receiving a B.S. in psychology, and in 1947 came out with a first novel, *The Hound*, which won him some critical acclaim and a literary fellowship. In 1949, when his second novel, *The Darkness Below*, appeared, the reviewer of the *New York Times* called him "one of the most interesting young novelists in America." *Asphalt and Desire*, Mr. Morton's third book, is interesting again, in its own way. But as a product of a versatile, observant, and astonishingly adaptable mind rather than as a piece of genuine or original writing.

The remarkable thing about Mr. Morton's book is the way in which he has taken hold of the American scene, absorbed it, and turned it into a slick, if somewhat adolescent, novel. The trouble is that his very adaptability has induced him to lift his material skillfully rather than to examine it. And by trying to write a thoroughly "American" book — down to the peculiar, and expertly-

handled, college girl argot — he has fallen victim to what one might call the "American Dream" cliché. For basically his book is nothing more than another exposé and criticism of the "American Dream" idea that has fluttered through American literature now for quite a while.

*Asphalt and Desire* is the story of Iris Levin's initiation into the rather grim and slightly grimy asphalt world of adolescent city life. Miss Levin (or, as she later calls herself, Miss Leavis) is a young girl of twenty, brought up and reared in the sweltering, fire-escape-adorned tenements of the Bronx, with all its social setbacks, frustrations, and littered streets. Her father, a broken-down man, has long since buried his dreams in a small delicatessen store. But her mother, a warm, ununderstanding and (to Iris) irritating woman, has placed all her pride and somewhat furious aspirations in her daughter, the second-generation immigrant girl, who is bound to "make good."

Iris herself — "I was a pretty girl, a flower fingered but not yet plucked"! — has just been released from the educational mill of Hunter College (the book covers the first five days after her graduation), and she is perfectly ready to find her place "in the wide co-ed world," which includes, among other things, her almost desperate willingness to lose her virginity, perhaps as some kind of an entrance fee.

"I had nothing but the future; since it was my only possession I felt that it belonged to me more than to anybody else; I was, yeah, a citizen of America, of that great international of futurists. . . . The past was defiance, the presence [*sic*] an improvisation, the future the shining, 100-per-cent tested, satisfaction-guaranteed-or-double-the-money-back real McCoy — eternally around the corner. . . . And yet it would come true for me."

But as she haplessly stalks from employment agency to employment agency, smiling and equipped with the paraphernalia of her anticipated femininity — only to find that there are thousands of little Irises, smiling, ready to claw with their manicured fingernails and to kick with their little feet to get that one 75-dollar-a-week position (the job, naturally, has to be an editorial one, since, for a while, she edited the college paper) — things take on a rather disconcerting perspective. And Mr. Morton spares no punches in shattering the dreams of his otherwise rather cynical and "worldly" heroine.

The final blow in the concentrated process of bringing up Iris comes when she finally takes that already long overdue fling at romance and finds herself — after an unsuccessful week end with a sophisticated playboy publisher à la Hollywood — minus her innocence in the arms of a motorcycling and

otherwise rather callous camp-instructor, who, though he has little use for her maidenly notions of love, attracts her nevertheless.

At the end of her five-day venture, battered and bruised, Iris Leavis makes her peace with the world, safely enshrined in her family's disorderly Bronx apartment: "I thought how comfortable life had become now that it had shrunk . . . I, for the first time, had aged."

And while his heroine — a curious mixture of cynicism, naïveté and sophistication — braces herself to face that smaller but comfortable world, Mr. Morton leaves his readers with a few well-observed incidents, some genuine bits of *milieu* study, and the basic feeling that a sensitive young writer has just banged into an open door. G. ST.

***Assassins At Large.* By Hugo Dewar. The Beacon Press. 203 pp. \$3.00.** This is the story of a police force that never failed to get their man, of a gang of killers unrivalled in history. It is the account, verified in every detail, of how the GPU (the dread Soviet secret police) has tracked down and destroyed those it regarded as its enemies wherever they might have sought refuge in the world. It is the record of a band of murderers bound together by an evil faith and by unswerving allegiance to a single leader.

In a number of the recent books by ex-Communists mention has

been made of the disappearance or execution of various of their colleagues outside Soviet Russia: Ignace Reiss, Dimitri Navachine, Walter Krivitsky, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, Leon Trotsky, among others, and inside Soviet Russia of Sergei Kirov. All sorts of versions are presented as to what happened to them and why. Here for the first time all the documentary evidence concerning these crimes is published in a single comprehensive study that has the drama and the narrative excitement of top detective fiction. No conclusions are reached beyond those to which the facts clearly point. No guesses or surmises are offered to fill gaps in the record uncovered by the known and ascertainable facts. With admirable restraint, and with meticulous fidelity to the truth, Mr. Dewar has set down the results of his research and investigation. He has done so, furthermore, in a prose style that is anything but pedantic. This is a genuine contribution to historical literature.

He has been particularly skillful in weaving the parts together into a whole, detecting the link between a disappearance in one place, a suicide in another, sudden illness and death in yet another place. In the case of Kirov, he has succeeded in compiling all the evidence and elucidating the relevant circumstances so as actually to throw new light on the answer to the question of not

only "Who Killed Kirov?" but also why. In this connection he departs just a little, and very judiciously, from his general practice throughout the book to add his comment on one of the most stupendous events in recent history. "Being a comrade-in-arms of Stalin," he correctly remarks, "is no sinecure. Thus all those who held any of the threads in the strange case of Sergei Mironovich Kirov . . . are liquidated. And this fact alone speaks volumes against the only remaining man who holds all the threads. It is possible that he was all the time the only one who held all the threads, for this is one of the major aspects of the technique by which he maintains his personal power — that no one but he holds all the keys to the intrigues that pit each of his henchmen against every other, making each in the final analysis a completely isolated individual who cannot trust his closest friend. Whether Stalin deliberately planned Kirov's death or whether it was an unfortunate 'accident' arising from a maneuver calculated to discredit his opponents once and for all will never be known. There is no one left to tell except Stalin and he will never speak. Nor is it necessary. No confession is needed here in order to reach a verdict: for this one murder, whether deliberately connived at by him or not, was still used by him to 'justify' the judicial murder of hundreds." F.N.

## *Down to Earth*



# Home-Acre Naturalist

ALAN DEVOE

WHEN I WAS A BOY I used to spend long hours, saucer-eyed with wonder, reading the books of explorers and far-journeying naturalists and marveling at their tales of the fantastic animals to be found in the remote corners of the earth. If only I could go upon such distant travels, and see such fabulous creatures!

As the years passed, I presently made a discovery.

You don't have to journey to the heart of a faraway wilderness to find animal marvels. You don't have to go on a vast trek after hippopotamuses and three-toed sloths. All you need do is open your eyes and mind to the animals right around you. An incredible parade of marvels is to be found right in every man's front yard. There is no distant corner of our earth that holds creatures any

more astounding than the ones we can see every day, if we realize what we are seeing. In all this earth's far-stretching zoo of fabulosity, there is no more enchanted corner than the one right where we are.

This is scarcely a unique discovery to have made. It has been made a good many times before, by you or me or all of us, and recited often enough to have acquired something of the hoar of a platitude. But it is a discovery, all the same, that can stand a good deal of re-making and remembering. The recollection of an old truth, however familiar, may compare favorably with the coinage of a bright new error. In this June of the year, old truth or not, we may be made brave against our fear of platitude and may like to do some refreshing in our minds of this thing so familiar and forgotten. . . .

Suppose we were offered a chance to see a bird in which the life-force burned with such fury that the bird had a pulse rate of nearly a thousand beats a minute. It would be worth going a considerable journey to see so surprising a creature as that. We needn't. All we need do is turn to the nearest everyday sparrow on the nearest twig. In all our common little birds, the pulse of life pounds along at almost that impossible rate. Or how about a chance to see a bird flying backwards? *That* should be a unique astonishment, well worth slogging through a jungle to witness. But all we need do is step into our summer garden, on one of these June-magicked afternoons, and watch a hummingbird. A hummingbird, making its exit from a deep flower-tube, can reverse its wing-angle and zoom straight backward as if jet propelled. (How fast, do you suppose, is a flying hummingbird beating its tiny wings? The answer to that is a figure which, if we heard it about some faraway bird in a traveler's tale, would strike us as one of the wonders of the world. A hummingbird beats its wings more than fifty times a second.)

SUPPOSE WE WERE TOLD of an animal whose eye was so extraordinarily constructed that the beast could not only see ahead of it and out to the sides but could also simultaneously keep watch on what was happening behind its back? That

sounds like one of Baron Münchhausen's less plausible inventions. It isn't; it's that homely little cottontail rabbit over there, twinkling his nose and nibbling the meadow grass. His eyes are built with such a sweeping convexity that he can see full circle all around him. Or again, the dragonfly we see buzzing around our browsing rabbit in the summery field might also take our attention for a minute, while we're thinking of eyes. That everyday insect's eyes are faceted — each eye compounded of a cluster of "little" eyes, each of which gives its owner a separate view of a piece of the world. You and I, looking forth, see one view. That dragonfly sees 25,000. Suppose, in childhood, we had read a tale that began: "Once upon a time there was a creature with 25,000 eyes." That would have been a spell-binding fairy tale indeed. It is a fairy tale that comes true, in any field on any summer day, when we have learned the adventure of awareness of what's going on in the animal world right around us.

It makes no difference where we look, we find ourselves surrounded and companioned by fabulous creatures. The problem is not to find them, but to pick and choose amid their teeming presences. That woodpecker over there, drumming and hammering away at the tree bark to find insects, how can he have a long enough tongue to extract them from their deep crannies? Neither

the Grand Canyon nor the Falls of Victoria Nyanza are a wilder wonder than that bird's tongue. To perform its peculiar work, it has to be so long that, instead of being rooted in the woodpecker's gullet, it actually runs way back up over the woodpecker's brain and is anchored in the front of the bird's skull. That squirrel capering and jumping among the branches in the woodpecker's tree, surely there isn't anything very extraordinary about *him*? Why, there are comfortably a hundred things. To take just one: he has no "blind spot." His optic nerve is specially flattened out, so that when he makes his soaring leaps from twig to twig there is never a significant piece missing from his visual field as there is from ours. If the whole world open to our exploration, as a matter of fact, were no more than this one dooryard tree and the creatures frequenting it, we could find that every one of them is in its way authentically a prodigy and a marvel. The ants marching up and down that trunk are inhabiting, by virtue of an astonishing gift, a realm of experience closed to us. They can see ultra-violet light. The butterfly flitting there from one blossoming spray to another is making use of a taste-faculty so fantastically subtle that no animal-performance in the most exotic jungle is more amazing. That butterfly can detect the presence of sugar in a mixture of one part to 300,000. The inconspicuous

bark-gray wood tick that drops off the tree trunk onto our passing dog has performed the exquisite sensory feat of feeling the passing animal's blood heat. The blind mole tunneling its way down in the darkness among the tree roots is an animal that has the eerie gift of hearing with its tail.

WHETHER we are looking for strangenesses of anatomy or behavior, speed, strength, or uncanny sense-ability, it continues true that the familiar creatures of everyday, when we get to know them, prove as provocative as anything we could find by setting off to explore around the world.

Speed? If we journey to distant India, we can find some swifts that are said to fly two hundred miles an hour. That is breathtaking, yes. But if we will watch the warty toad that lives under our front porch we can see split-second speed no less impressive. A toad catches insects by thrusting out its long sticky tongue and nabbing them. Sluggish and placid though a toad seems to be, that tongue-thrust is one of the most startling agilities in nature. The whole operation — flinging the long tongue forth, nabbing the prey, and hauling tongue and tidbit back inside the toad's mouth — takes place in no more than about a fifteenth of a second.

Strength? In childhood we may marvel at tales of the power and



endurance of elephants, hoisting gigantic teak logs, smashing tree trunks as though they were slivers. We may wish yearningly that we could journey to the world's far jungles to witness such things as that. There is more astonishing strength, and infinitely more astonishing endurance, in those familiar and fragile creatures of everyday, the common flies and bees that buzz around our summer garden and our sunny windowpane. A fly or bee in flight performs the hardly believable energy-expenditure of beating its wings between three hundred and five hundred times a second. Furthermore, these delicate creatures have proved able, in scientific tests, to endure rigors which would kill a man (or an elephant) instantly. Dr. Frank Lutz, the entomologist, once put insects in a jar from which the air was sucked out until its atmosphere was thinner than it would be at an altitude of seventeen miles. No man nor elephant could stand that, of course. The insects did. There was another experiment. Air and moisture were pumped out until not only was there a vacuum but even the insects' body moisture had been extracted. For a full minute the vacuum was held, and then abruptly air was let in again with a rush. Under such a change of pressures as that, the strongest elephant in the world would be blasted to death in a second. It was gauzy-winged butterflies

and bumblebees that proved tough enough to stand it.

READING romantic explorers' tales in my boyhood, I used to thrill to the exciting stories of the strange senses that some queer beasts of faraway—so they told me—seemed to possess. The giant constrictor snakes could somehow "tell" when a victim was dead, the sharp-nosed tiger could read a jungle's scent-story like a book, and somewhere in the wilds of Africa there were crocodiles so alert and agile that they could dodge a bullet. Well, it was all very wonderful; but it is no more so than what goes on around us in the enchanted here-and-now of everyday outdoors. Why doesn't that minnow in our brook bump into things when the water is so roily it can't see? The fish "feels" the nearness of rocks or other obstacles, through the canal of what is called its lateral line, running from gill to tail. That canal lies just under the fish's skin, and here and there skin openings place it in direct contact with the water. A multitude of nerve endings connect the lateral line with a greater nerve beneath it, and where the lateral line comes to an end at the fish's head it branches into its brain. It provides a sensory genius that no bullet-dodging crocodile in the farthest fastness of the Upper Nile can excel. The homely and familiar bat, flittering around our heads in the dusk, is performing

one of the most astonishing sensory feats on earth. It is finding its way by sonar. All the while it is flying through the darkness it is continually uttering supersonic cries; and it is the bouncing back of these humanly inaudible sounds from the objects in the landscape that guides our bat so unerringly that it can fly at top speed and not touch an obstacle. That snake over there on the sun-warmed rock ledge can tell temperatures with a more delicate discrimination than a thermometer. That chicken scratching away in our farmyard can localize sounds more precisely than any man who ever lived. The bees droning over our flowerbed have a time-sense as accurate as a watch. Strange senses? Why, how would we like to be able to see an animal with such fabulous ears that the sounds that are just barely audible to us at a couple of hundred yards are easily heard by

it at a full mile, and with such a fabulous nose that it can detect a smell that's been diluted four million times? We don't have to go far. We can just whistle for Rover or Spot. He's the one that can do it.

The created world of animalland stretches around the earth; and only a few of us can ever go exploring into the far places. But we may, with luck, make and retain the discovery that the wonder of the world is not a thing of geography but a thing of our own mind. God, as the story puts it, looked upon *all* the Creation and it was good, which is to say that His creatures are all an astonishment, each one as much as every other one. All the wonder of this Creation's zoo lies just here, right around us, here and now. It is a thing very easy to forget, and perhaps platitudinous to recall. But it can extraordinarily reward the remembering.

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# DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON

## City Without Women

*The recent prison riots so vividly reported in the American press have focussed national attention on a world in our midst most of us rarely think about. They gave rise to a variety of reflections, queries, comments about that world and its inhabitants. We intended to set forth some of our own views on this subject. But we are outsiders. We can wonder, but we can not really know. And so we decided to turn over these columns to two prisoners in the Michigan State Penitentiary, Gordon Shelly and David Mazroff. Their thoughts appear just as they wrote them shortly before the riots occurred; the title is theirs too.*

— ED.

THIS IS A CROSS SECTION of the United States, as much a part of the American scene as the corner drugstore, the museum, the library, and the town hall.

This is the State Prison of Southern Michigan at Jackson, a city of more than six thousand men, housed in ten brick-and-steel cell houses.

This is a walled city of men without women. A city of thieves, gunmen, panderers, burglars, conspirators, and murderers. It is a city where the sun never rises and the moon never sets, because the men within its walls never see either.

It is a city where a young man still in his teens, recently convicted of

murder, faced the irony of being sentenced to life imprisonment by a judge whose father, a doctor, brought him into the world. As one can put it: "That judge's family is consistent. He gave you life, and his old man gave you life."

It is a city where a young husband sentenced to five years for burglary received a letter from his wife stating she was getting a divorce. He was so much in love with her he couldn't bear the thought of life without her. He walked to the top gallery of cells, fifty feet up, and jumped. He was spattered on the concrete below.

It is a city where the confirmed criminals live with the once-upon-a-

time, misguided, misled, offenders, where all feel hunger and pain, loss of freedom and all that it means, and know a wretched and poignant loneliness that can rip out a man's soul.

This is the city. It is without women, but it is not without humor, as it isn't without tragedy or sadness or grief and pain. Or Hope.

Three years, five years, ten years, twenty years, yes, thirty years of time served — but always with Hope. This they cling to. They say: "My day will come. My time will be up. I'll get a break. They can't keep me forever."

But sometimes they do keep them forever. Too often the black wagon comes and takes away a body forsaken by life. Too often it is buried on Cherry Hill, that lonely plot of land a couple of miles from the prison, where all unclaimed bodies of convicts who die in prison are buried. It is another of the tragic phases of crime the criminal must expect.

**I**N 1931 the men who were responsible for the State Prison of Southern Michigan surveyed the finished product and were satisfied with their work. They had built a prison that would last for many years, and they had built it large enough so it would never be filled. At least not in their time. It was huge. It was more than adequate with its 4,700 single cells, its 57½ acres of ground, its farm system, and

its trusty cell house holding some 350 men immediately outside the south wall of the prison.

Today, in 1952, it is overflowing. There are no vacant cells anywhere. The prison population is up to 6,400. Prison officials daily seek ways and means to relieve the overcrowded conditions and the possibilities of unrest and disturbance which it can create. Commissioner Earnest C. Brooks, head of the Corrections Department, recently asked the state legislature for a five-million-dollar appropriation in order to build another prison which would house youthful offenders. His request was refused.

More than six thousand men thrown together. Some of them sorry and regretful, but none of them angels. All of them looking ahead to but one thing: release, a normal life again that will be free of the nerve-destroying routine of prison life. A life far removed from the everyday sameness, from the monotony, from the regimentation that is a silent prod always there.

It's the law here of do what you're supposed to do and do it so often you don't realize you are being restricted.

Fail to follow this law, fail to do what you are told to do, and you are toplocked in your cell, your door doesn't open when the other doors open. You don't get the privileges of the yard or the movies or the library. Or if the infraction of the rule is serious enough, the trial

board may sentence you to the Hole, a cell, but with no bed, no mattress, no reading material, no radio, and fewer and lesser meals.

So it's stay in line, do what the rules say, follow orders, don't "skate" — that is, be where you're not supposed to be. You can't go anywhere without an official pass.

SIX THOUSAND MEN without women, without their love, without the blessed relief of their warmth, their presence. But there are substitutes. Sex in prison. Of course. Why blind your eyes? It is present here as it is in every prison and penitentiary in the world.

There isn't as much as one would expect in a place of this size, with its many buildings housing the industries such as the Stamp Plant, the Textile, the Garment Shop, the Shoe Shop, Print Shop, and the other industries which service the prison and also make goods for other institutional use.

But it is here! It can't be denied. It is wicked in its essence. It is a little foul. It is, above all, brutal, because it springs from necessity, from the primal urge, from the life force of man himself. And in the undertones of its presence is the feeling that it is pathetic. It is transitory in the shallowest of emotions, lust, but while it lasts its power is frightening because men have fought to the death over "punks," the young boys who serve as girls.

What are the men like who control this gigantic City of Men Without Women? Are they the way the movies have depicted them? Are they brutal? Vicious? Heartless? Are they "convict haters"? Do they snarl and bare their teeth when they see a convict, restraining an urge to maim or kill the convict by only the greatest of will power? What manner of man must one be to work in a prison as a custodial officer, or a "screw," as prison guards are known? How do the convicts regard these men? Is there a hatred between them which waits only for the propitious moment to touch off a killing?

There have been killings. We were present when five convicts shot the heart out of Inspector Boucher in an attempted prison break. We knew all five personally and we knew Inspector Boucher. Not one of them wanted to shoot Inspector Boucher, let alone kill him. But he was in the way. He was impeding their break for freedom, the sweet sweet freedom and all it meant to them. But there was no hatred. No killer's lust. No wantonness. Still, it was no less murder.

There are qualifications of murder, and the criminal code has provided for them, but dead men don't come back to life. Convicts killed a screw. The papers played it big. Dirty, stinking cons. Investigations. Guards transferred or fired. The prison painted as a seething, flaming

cauldron of witch's brew, full of deadly potions, peopled by monsters who walk like men.

The truth? Five men sick of prison and its restrictions, its regimentations, its routine and monotony, its life without women, its present without hope for the future, its future a dim and shadowy prospect of relief.

The rest of the cons? Oh, they took up a collection and bought a wonderful wreath, inscribed a card, and sent it to the widow of the Inspector. They were really and truly sorry. They liked "Cap" Boucher, as he was affectionately called.

Affectionately? A screw having the affection of cons? Preposterous! Maybe. But that's because you've been seeing too many prison movies, hearing too many crime programs on the radio, reading too many prison stories written by men who never saw the inside of a penitentiary.

"Cap" Boucher was square. He was fair. He never "put a man down" — sent him to the Hole — unless he had him dead right. He never toadied to stool pigeons. He used them, but he also despised them. Everyone hates a rat, an informer.

Today, we have Deputy Warden George L. Bacon. He's the man in charge of custody, the discipline of the prison, and he is like Boucher.

He is a big man physically, and in stature. He has been trained as an

educator. When he bares his teeth it is in a smile. He's a former naval officer and a veteran of World War II, and he has been handling men for more than nineteen years. Tough? Sure! Right down the middle. Rules are for everyone. He lives by them. You have to also. Fair? Absolutely! He says what he means and he means what he says. He's straight and forward and direct. Right from the shoulder. He won't lie to you, and you don't lie to him. He walks daily through the yard. He looks around. He is stopped by dozens of cons. He listens patiently. He hears their beefs. He makes decisions. He gives advice. He is available. He'll do what he can, as much as he can, within the limits of his powers, within the limits of the demands for the good of the general group. He wouldn't think of putting his hand on a convict. He has pacified many a man who came into his office with murder in his heart and eyes, who thought he was getting a raw deal from someone in the prison. He has reasoned, intelligently, fairly, without equivocation. He has sent the convict out of his office feeling a little happier, that everybody wasn't against him, that a middle ground had to be reached.

"You come half way and we'll come half way."

There isn't a con in the prison who can truthfully say that Deputy Warden George L. Bacon has not given him a square shake. Few

prison officials that we have known carry the great amount of respect from the cons that he does. All men appreciate a square shooter. Even convicts. More than six thousand of them. More than six thousand separate units, all the same and each one different, each with his own personal problem. Each wanting to get out, to be free again. Each dreaming a little, crying a little, dying a little every hour, every day, every week.

EVERY DAY at precisely 5:30 A.M. a bugle call arouses the prison. You get up, wash, dress, straighten up your cell, make your bed, military style, the best style — Warden Julian N. Frisbie is a former Brigadier General in the Marine Corps. At 6:30 another bugle. You go to breakfast in the Big Top. Cereal, milk, sugar, maybe a roll, and coffee. Hey, that isn't bad! No, neither is Hedy Lamarr. But if you had both for 365 days a year, year in and year out, it would eventually get tasteless and boring. Few men take cereal. They yearn for a good plate of ham and eggs or bacon and eggs or a codfish, a piece of herring, bagle and lox, a slice of cream cheese, anything but the "stinking cereal."

The Chief Steward is Nick Ross. If he could do the things the cons would like to have him do he would (1) drop dead six thousand times a day; (2) get run over by three thousand automobiles; (3) be blown to

bits by a case of dynamite; and (4) be drowned in a vessel of boiling oil.

And all this wouldn't satisfy them. They would want to bring him back to life and start him over again.

He feeds over six thousand men a day, three times a day, seven days a week, twelve months a year. If you're only fair at arithmetic, you'll get the staggering total of over five million meals a year! And you have to feed these meals at the rate of six thousand within an hour because the dining room seats less than two thousand men at a time. He is permitted to spend only so much money per man. He has to watch the vegetable room, the butcher shop, the bake shop, the dishwashing department, the purchasing and supply. He has to prepare, at the very least, "suitable" meals for the more than six thousand men.

The easiest thing and the simplest thing under the circumstances is constancy in the menus. The same thing on Monday every Monday, on Tuesday every Tuesday. Week in and week out with very little change. The convicts know months ahead what they can expect to eat on any given day. And for any given meal. Is that something to look forward to? Maybe that's why they curse the chief steward. Somebody has to be cursed for it.

You have had your breakfast and you return to your cell. There'll be another bugle in about thirty minutes. And in the meantime you do a

last-minute job of waking up. You hear the cell house come alive. The sounds weren't very clear before breakfast, but the brisk walk across the yard to the mess hall cleared your head and now you can shake last night's dreams, the living-in-the-past torture, the thoughts of HER — and hear the alive noises around you.

Toilet bowls are flushed. Water is heard rushing out of faucets. Men cough. Some swear. A few say half-aloud prayers. Life has started again. The City of Men Without Women has begun another routine day. The bugle blows again.

For some it will be work. Eight hours at the Stamp Plant. Your particular job is to put license plates into envelopes. You turn out 26,000 a day. While you're tucking them into the envelope you think: "I wonder what kind of a car this will go on. Maybe a convertible. Like that last job I had." And then you think of HER again. She went with the convertible. Whose convertible does she belong with now? Not a good thought, so you try and shake it. It won't shake and you're stuck with it. That day. That night.

This is a City Without Women?

**B**UT MAYBE you're laying in, which means you're not working. There are about two thousand men laying in. The bugle blows for the yard period. You go out. The same faces. Here and there a few new

ones. The new ones come in gradually, like drops of water in a half-filled bucket. You don't notice that some of the men have left, because those drops leak out through the bottom through a tiny pinpoint of a hole. You do see the drops that fall in, though. They look different because they're new, because they're falling *into* the bucket. But as soon as they hit they are assimilated, and you can't tell them apart from the rest.

You have a couple of spare minutes, so you go to the library, on the second floor of the administration building at the extreme rear. There are shelves of books. You've seen these books every day. The same books. Nothing new to read. Don't they ever get any new books in this library? What do they do with the books that come in, that they say they buy? You know what they do? The screws take them home. And that Lee Penn, the chief librarian, he must have a library a mile high and two miles wide in his home.

Lee Penn is a tall, slim young man. He wears glasses. He is erudite. He likes books. He knows books. Books come in regularly. They are sorted, catalogued, marked, carded, and put into circulation. There are over six thousand men drawing books from the library. Each man is permitted to draw two books at a time, daily, if he wishes. That means that twelve thousand books could be out at all times. About ten thou-



sand are out. Who has the books? Not the convicts? Of course not. Lee Penn has them home. You have to blame someone when you can't find the book you want. Lee Penn is the librarian. You blame him.

At the north end of the librarian's office is a square room. There are tables and chairs there, and several typewriters. That is the legal library. It is open to all inmates. It is as complete as that of the finest library of the best criminal lawyer. We daresay that Samuel Leibowitz or Jerry Geisler never had a more complete library.

There are several inmates assigned to the legal library. They are familiar with law. One of them was a lawyer. He forgot to duck a curve and was hit with three years. Nice to have him around. He helps a lot. So do the other two men assigned to this office.

But you're not appealing your case today. You don't have a leg to stand on. They caught you dead bang with the goods. So you pass up the legal library. You head for Group Therapy. A class is in session and you want to get in on it.

The Group Therapy class is conducted by Joe Dellinger, another tall, slim young man who is working for his Ph.D. and who has solved the equation of time and energy. Joe Dellinger has a clock with sixty-two hours on it, and he also has six arms and eight legs. He not only conducts the class in Group Therapy but he

has charge of the Writers Club and of a special manuscript committee set up to screen work turned out by the con writers, in addition to his regular work as a counselor and as assistant to Deputy Warden Dr. Vernon J. Fox, who is in charge of personal treatment.

Joe Dellinger is a funny guy. He believes in what he's doing, and he devotes time to his projects he doesn't have to devote to them. He even comes out to the prison at night, after his regular hours, and works. Really works. And everything he does has inmate behind it.

When you enter the Group Therapy class, he's sitting there. He doesn't say anything. He acts as a sort of moderator. The meetings are entirely informal. Topics for discussion range from the Korean situation to national elections and right on down to your own personal problems. A tape recording is made of each meeting. You say what you please. But don't be wrong, brother! The other cons will take your words and shove them down your throat. This is another phase of the Individual Treatment program under the direction of Dr. Vernon J. Fox. It allows the inmate to think for himself, to express himself, to judge what is right and wrong, ethical and unethical. It lets him see how important it is for the governed to be governed, to be guided by rules which the majority feel are necessary for all. It teaches him that no

individual is a right and power unto himself. He has a right of free expression, but only so long as he does not impugn the rights of others, so long as he does not preclude others from the same privileges.

Another project under the direction of Dr. Fox is *The Spectator*, the weekly newspaper published and written entirely by inmates. The masthead declares *The Spectator* to be "Michigan's Leading Weekly." And it is! It has a guaranteed circulation of ten thousand — 6,500 within the walls and 3,500 outside.

The paper, usually eight pages, is tabloid size, is well written and edited, newsy, and has an editorial policy.

When the cons don't like an editorial in the paper, you will generally see copies of *The Spectator* being used as bath mats. Its editors thoughtfully co-operate by circulating the paper on Saturday morning, the day most of the institution's inhabitants take their baths.

AND THAT, like the song, "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night of the Week," is the story of the City Without Women. For on Saturday night, immediately after bath time, you are locked up in your cell and you stay there except for meals until Sunday afternoon when you get the yard again, or you go to church.

It's a bad night. It's the time when you most feel like dressing up, put-

ting on your glad rags, jumping into your car and going to pick up your girl. But you can't do that now. You're locked up tighter than a drum in your "drum," another name for cell.

Yes, this is a lonely city. It is filled with heartbreak and misery. A letter that doesn't come. A setback from the parole board. A carry-over from last night's dream that was a nightmare. The surging wants and hungers and yearnings of men who are denied normal outlets. The food that has become tasteless and evil to the sight. The bars, the steel and concrete. The guard posts on the high walls. The same faces every day, day in and day out. The routine. The monotony. The humiliation of the numbers on your clothes.

Think of all this. Give it serious thought. Think of it over and over again when your hand reaches for that gun, or when you hesitate just before writing that phony check. Let these impressions beat against your mind and weigh what you have read against the "easy money," and then decide if the exchange is worth it.

Above all, walk easy. For when you pass through the three steel-barred gates, the three gates to hell, you leave behind everything in life that ever meant anything to you. You enter a city of broken dreams, lost hopes, heartbreak, misery, and, above all else, you enter a City Without Women.

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# INDEX TO VOLUME LXXIV

*January — June 1952*

|                                               |     |                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Ballard, Thomas                               |     | Fellers, Bonner                               |     |
| <i>What to do about Franco?</i> .....Apr.     | 18  | <i>How Stalin Can Win</i> .....Jan.           | 40  |
| Barrett, William                              |     | Flicgers, Serge                               |     |
| books: <i>Black and Blue</i> .....June        | 100 | <i>Luck Runs Out for Eva Peron</i> ....Jan.   | 26  |
| Bliss, Christopher                            |     | <i>The Biggest Theft in History</i> .....Apr. | 26  |
| <i>Are Taxes Making Liars of Us</i>           |     | <i>Murder Inc. in the Middle East</i> ...June | 23  |
| <i>All?</i> .....Mar.                         | 105 | Frank, Barbara                                |     |
| Boal, Sam                                     |     | <i>When is Murder Madness?</i> .....May       | 66  |
| <i>The Biggest Theft in History</i> .....Apr. | 26  |                                               |     |
| Bondy, François                               |     | Glen, Emilie                                  |     |
| LETTER FROM AUSTRIA: <i>Vienna —</i>          |     | <i>Our Rev., A Story</i> .....Mar.            | 84  |
| <i>Open City</i> .....June                    | 40  | Gold, Herbert                                 |     |
| Buber-Neumann, Margaret                       |     | <i>The Widening Flaw, A Story</i> .....Apr.   | 58  |
| <i>Hitler or Stalin: Which Was the</i>        |     | Goldknopf, David                              |     |
| <i>Worst?</i> .....Apr.                       | 74  | <i>A Dollar Tip, A Story</i> .....Mar.        | 56  |
| Buckley, William F., Jr.                      |     | Green, Montgomery M.                          |     |
| <i>The Colossal Flunk</i> .....Mar.           | 29  | <i>The Monazite Mystery</i> .....June         | 33  |
| Condon, Eddie                                 |     | Greenberg, Clement                            |     |
| <i>What Jazz Means to Me</i> .....Feb.        | 67  | <i>Cézanne</i> .....June                      | 69  |
| Dallin, David J.                              |     |                                               |     |
| <i>Operation "Kidnap"</i> .....May            | 55  | Hines, James                                  |     |
| DeJong, David C.                              |     | <i>Will Whomper's Last Sermon,</i>            |     |
| AMERICANA: <i>A Day in Rhode</i>              |     | <i>A Story</i> .....Jan.                      | 50  |
| <i>Island</i> .....May                        | 25  | AMERICANA: <i>Portrait of a Hill-</i>         |     |
| de Toledano, Nora                             |     | <i>Billy</i> .....Apr.                        | 49  |
| <i>Time Marches on McCarthy</i> .....Feb.     | 15  | Huie, William Bradford                        |     |
| Devoc, Alan                                   |     | DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON:                      |     |
| DOWN TO EARTH: <i>Near and Far</i> ...Jan.    | 120 | <i>Memo to General Eisenhower</i> ...Jan.     | 124 |
| <i>The Great White Owl</i> .....Feb.          | 120 | <i>But Who Does Ike Like?</i> .....Mar.       | 124 |
| <i>Poetry and Prose</i> .....Mar.             | 120 | <i>Truman's Embarrassing Book</i> ...May      | 121 |
| <i>The Hawklet</i> .....Apr.                  | 119 | Hunter, Edward                                |     |
| <i>Eppur Si Muove</i> .....May                | 116 | LETTER FROM HONG-KONG: <i>If I</i>            |     |
| <i>Home-Acre Naturalist</i> .....June         | 113 | <i>Were Mao Tse-Tung</i> .....Apr.            | 39  |
| Dubuque, Juliana                              |     | <i>The Suicide of Recognizing Red</i>         |     |
| AMERICANA: <i>The Iowa Centennials</i> ..Feb. | 30  | <i>China</i> .....May                         | 44  |
| Eastman, Max                                  |     | Hoover, Herbert                               |     |
| <i>Sex and Santayana</i> .....Jan.            | 72  | <i>Honor in Public Life</i> .....Feb.         | 34  |
| <i>The Miracle of German Recovery</i> ..Feb.  | 58  |                                               |     |
| <i>The Sweet Disease of Otherness</i> ....May | 107 | Ingrim, Robert                                |     |
|                                               |     | <i>What Eisenhower Has Learned in</i>         |     |
|                                               |     | <i>Europe</i> .....Jan.                       | 7   |

|                                                                        |     |                                                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Jacobson, Dr. Max<br><i>A Doctor Asks: How Are You? . . . Jan.</i>     | 63  | Phillips, William<br>books: <i>Graham Greene . . . . . May</i>           | 102 |
| Jones, Evan<br><i>Juke Boxes on the Left Bank . . . . . May</i>        | 88  | <i>In and Out of the Underground . . . June</i>                          | 92  |
| Kavanaugh, Peter<br><i>Teaching Manners to the Irish . . . Mar.</i>    | 71  | Poster, William<br>books: <i>The Progress of John Dos</i>                |     |
| Klonsky, Milton<br><i>Freshmen Look at 1961 . . . . . Jan.</i>         | 35  | <i>Passos . . . . . Mar.</i>                                             | 115 |
| Lewis, Wyndham<br><i>The Rot . . . . . Apr.</i>                        | 92  | Putnam, Nina Wilcox<br><i>Exodus to Mexico . . . . . Mar.</i>            | 47  |
| Lilienthal, Alfred<br><i>Revolt along the Nile . . . . . Feb.</i>      | 8   | Raditsa, Bogdan<br><i>What Price Tito? . . . . . May</i>                 | 33  |
| Lyon, Jean<br><i>India Goes to the Polls . . . . . Mar.</i>            | 19  | Ravines, Eudocio<br><i>The Yenan Way . . . . . Jan.</i>                  | 87  |
| MacDiarmid, Hugh<br>LETTER FROM SCOTLAND: <i>The Dour</i>              |     | Ritchie, Norman<br>AMERICANA: <i>Saratoga Gets the</i>                   |     |
| <i>Drinkers of Glasgow . . . . . Mar.</i>                              | 38  | <i>Rap . . . . . Mar.</i>                                                | 62  |
| MacLuhan, Marshall<br><i>Defrosting Canadian Culture . . . . Mar.</i>  | 91  | Ruesch, Hans<br><i>The Urge to Kiss, A Story . . . . . Feb.</i>          | 48  |
| Madison, James Monroe<br>DRAUGHTS OF OLD BOURBON: <i>For a</i>         |     | Schreiber, Flora Rheta<br><i>The World of the Unworldly . . . . June</i> | 47  |
| <i>Second Whiskey Rebellion . . . . . Feb.</i>                         | 124 | Snyder, Julian M.<br><i>The Education of Newbold Morris June</i>         | 11  |
| Marshack, Alexander<br><i>The Unreported War in Indonesia . . Feb.</i> | 37  | Waldman, Walter<br><i>Mambo — The Afro-Cuban Dance</i>                   |     |
| <i>The Remarkable Mr. Affandi . . . . Mar.</i>                         | 76  | <i>Craze . . . . . Jan.</i>                                              | 14  |
| Mencken, Henry L.<br><i>On the Military . . . . . Jan.</i>             | 21  | Warshow, Robert<br>FILM: <i>Father and Son — and the</i>                 |     |
| Michelin, Marcelle<br><i>The Shadow of the Brujo . . . . . Feb.</i>    | 23  | <i>FBI . . . . . June</i>                                                | 74  |
| Moore, Geoffrey<br>books: <i>Three Who Did Not Make a</i>              |     | Weigel, Henrietta<br><i>A Dead Blue Bus, A Story . . . . . Feb.</i>      | 85  |
| <i>Revolution . . . . . Apr.</i>                                       | 107 | Widener, Alice<br><i>The Real George F. Kennan . . . . . Mar.</i>        | 8   |
| Morehouse, Ward<br>THEATRE: <i>King of the Thespians,</i>              |     | <i>The Korean Failure . . . . . May</i>                                  | 12  |
| <i>Laurence Olivier . . . . . Jan.</i>                                 | 116 | Willingham, Calder<br>TELEVISION: <i>Giant in the Living</i>             |     |
| O'Liam, Dugal<br><i>Genius with a Mallet . . . . . Apr.</i>            | 67  | <i>Room . . . . . Feb.</i>                                               | 114 |
| Patterson, Robert<br><i>The Tongs of San Francisco . . . . . Feb.</i>  | 93  | Wittmer, Felix<br><i>Freedom's Case Against Dean</i>                     |     |
| Pendleton, Hobart L.<br><i>Another Look at World Federation June</i>   | 56  | <i>Acheson . . . . . Apr.</i>                                            | 3   |
| Petrov, Vladimir<br>books: <i>Below Inhumanity . . . . . Feb.</i>      | 107 | Wolfe, Bernard<br><i>Looking for Minnie . . . . . May</i>                | 76  |
|                                                                        |     | Wrong, Dennis H.<br>books: <i>Our Troubled Middle</i>                    |     |
|                                                                        |     | <i>Classes . . . . . Jan.</i>                                            | 107 |
|                                                                        |     | Zelchenko, Henry L.<br><i>Stealing America's Know-How . . . Feb.</i>     | 75  |

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